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The World Waits

It was still impossible to say on Tuesday of this week whether the European crisis would terminate in war or peace. Hitler's ultimatum to the Czechs expires on Saturday, October 1, before this issue of The New Republic reaches the hands of many of its readers. The Czechs had already said that its terms were unacceptable to them. Of great importance is the new statement by the British that they will stand with France and Soviet Russia in defending Czechoslovakia if she is invaded.

A week earlier it had seemed that the immediate struggle was ended. Great Britain and France had ordered Czechoslovakia to surrender the Sudeten region to Hitler. An international commission would have determined the new boundary, and supervised the exchange of populations. Czechoslovakia was to abandon her present alliances in return for a military guarantee of her new frontiers by Great Britain and France. Hitler in his ultimatum vastly enlarges the size of the areas he demands, either immediately or by plebiscite in a few weeks. He rejects the international commission and refuses to tolerate any delay. He rejects also the Anglo-French guarantee of Czechoslovakia's new frontier. The Czechs in withdrawing from the evacuated area must leave all fortifications intact and must dismiss all Sudetens from the army. The meaning of these differences is clear. The Chamberlain plan was based on the assumption that all Hitler wanted was a limited amount of territory occupied by Sudetens in the West. It gave the rest of Czechoslovakia a chance for life, if you assume that the Anglo-French guarantee would be carried out. But Hitler's new and enlarged demands would mean annihilation.

To the outside onlooker, Hitler's course during the past week has seemed like utter madness. Even the amount of territory Czechoslovakia would have lost under the Anglo-French plan would have made her position untenable in the long run. Hitler, if he had accepted the solution temporarily, would in the end have got everything he wants. Why then does he force the issue by enlarging his demands at the risk of a world war? Mr. Walter Lippmann suggests that he is driven on by the revolution he has created and does not dare to stop, though this hardly seems to fit the facts of his complete control of the German mind. Perhaps having extorted so much from England and France by bluffing, he does not realize that the time may have come when the bluff no longer works. Perhaps his attitude is only the overwhelming pride and arrogance of a half-insane dictator. His motivation should be clearer before many days have passed.

Deathbed Repentance

At the zero hour, Britain issued a public warning that armed aggression against Czechoslovakia would bring armed help from France, the Soviet Union and herself. Thus at last she adopted the course urged upon her for months by Litvinov as well as by democratic, labor and liberal forces throughout Europe. If this statement had been convincingly made long ago, the probability is that Hitler would never have dared to go to the extreme that threatens to plunge Europe into war. Even now, it may not be too late. Why was this policy not adopted before? The main reason was undoubtedly the fear of Bolshevism on the part of British and French conservatives—a fear that they extended

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to cover socialistic, labor and democratic movements as well. If it had not existed they might have saved Austria, and would probably not have tried to sacrifice Loyalist Spain by the double-faced non-interventionist policy. Events have shown clearly enough that Hitler and Italian fascism are far greater menaces to peace than the Communists. Are the British Conservatives convinced? And will they stay so for a week or two?

German Air Power

The story of the 10,000 German planes which is reported to have frightened the British and French governments into their original capitulation to Hitler's demands, seems from this side of the Atlantic a trifle fantastic. It will be recalled that German air rearmament begun only in 1935, on May 1 of which year the Reichminister for Air, General Goering, announced the creation of the new air force. In the autumn of that year, the total strength of that force was estimated at 250 planes; only 108 could be gathered for the "air parade" at the Nazi congress in Nuremberg. An ambitious program of progressive expansion was, however, announced, which envisaged a total of 2,250 planes by April 1, 1937, and 2,900 by January 1, 1938. These hopes were not realized. Shortages of raw materials, the Spanish war, which revealed serious weaknesses in certain types of aircraft, compelling their abandonment, and the recasting of the industrial set-up to produce improved ships, and finally, the urgent demand for training planes in order that personnel might to some extent keep pace with material—all these held back the production of combat planes. The result was that in the early months of this year the actual strength of the German air force was 1,620 planes assigned to and ready for action in operating squadrons.

It must of course be realized that any modern air force will have about the same number of planes assigned to non-fighting duties—training, transport, liaison, etc.—as will be assigned to the bombardment, pursuit, attack and reconnaissance squadrons which make up the so-called "first line." There will also be a certain reserve, necessary to make up the very heavy losses certain to occur in war, and to bridge the gap between the opening of hostilities and the time when industrial production can be speeded up to war velocity. This accounts for the difference between the figure 1,620, as given, and that of 3,000-3,500 presented by other observers. Both are correct; they relate to different methods of computation.

The present German first-line strength is not over 2,500 planes, probably somewhat less; which is not inconsistent with a *total* strength of 5,000 to 6,000. This becomes somewhat less formidable when it is compared to the British first-line strength, which is nearing 3,000 planes; the French have nearly if not quite 2,000. The Czechs have perhaps 800 first-line planes. In quality of material the British stand first, as they do in tactical training and efficiency. The French in these matters are superior to the Germans, and the latter are superior to the Italians. The Russian personnel is good, their tactical training not so good.

These are the facts. They are being weighed, at this moment, in the capitals of every European country.

Mr. Roosevelt's Appeal

President Roosevelt evidently attached great importance to his appeal to Benes and Hitler made public in the small hours of Monday morning. If so, he must be disappointed by the results. At home, general opinion seems to be that while the sentiments are admirable, no result is likely. Abroad, there have been polite acknowledgments from Britain, France and Czechoslovakia, and a formal and perfunctory reply by Hitler. No doubt many persons in England and France dislike the equality of treatment the President seemed to give to Hitler and Benes, as though he had said to the wolf and the lamb, "You must go on conferring." Europe has had more than enough of moral preachments from the United States. It does not care for another. Neither does it want American Presidents to make promises which it subsequently turns out the American people are not prepared to fulfill.

The NLRB Is Not Guilty

Does the National Labor Relations Board interfere with freedom of speech by employers? No, says the International Juridical Association. In the September issue of its monthly bulletin appears a careful and comprehensive study of all the cases on which this criticism has been based. The IJA, the organization which for seven years has carried on the only independent legal research in this country in the field of labor law and civil rights, reviews the Muskin Shoe Company, Mock-Judson-Voehringer Company, Mansfield Mills and Ford cases. We cannot even summarize the detailed argument here, but its chief point is that the Board has never made a decision holding an employer guilty of unfair labor practices merely because he distributed anti-union propaganda. In every case, such action was part of a general picture of coercive anti-union activity, including actual or threatened dismissal, lockouts, spying and vigilantism. In only one case, that of Henry Ford, has the NLRB given a "cease-and-desist" order covering future distribution of anti-union propaganda. The fact that this phase of Ford's fight was singled out seems to have disturbed some people, including the directors of the American Civil Liberties Union. The IJA bulletin emphasizes, however, that the order refers to such activities in a specific framework of other actions,

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altered, the cease-and-desist order would also be subject to change. The discussion concludes:

> Those genuinely concerned about the security of free speech may well consider the need to embrace for the Wagner Act what they long ago embraced in other instances of labor legislation which seemed to cut down the liberty of the strong but only prevented exploitation of the weak. Those laws tried, as Holmes said, "to establish the equality of position between the parties in which liberty of contract begins." May not this law fairly try also to establish the equality of position between the parties in which *liberty of speech begins?*

The Big Wind

New England now knows what Florida has felt like in the past. The hurricane of September 21 killed five or six hundred people (the exact number will not be known for weeks and perhaps never). It did damage roughly estimated at half a billion dollars. Whole towns were nearly blotted out; 12,600 families were left homeless. Electric-power lines were broken, telephones were cut off, highways and railroads were blocked. Millions of people, aside from those to whom the storm brought direct personal tragedy, were reminded again that ours is a civilization nourished from central sources. Electric refrigerators grew warm, electric stoves grew cold, radios were silent, illumination was lacking, communication by telephone was halted. The terrified children of a gadget civilization could only wait until their gadgets came back to them. No hurricane, nor a hundred of them, can reverse the trend of technology. Perhaps, however, this experience, like the severe storms of one or two recent winters, will help train our population in emergency measures. Already there is talk of having "disaster drill" in some of the communities where the lack of it was conspicuous when the big wind blew.

Record of a Week

Tuesday, September 20: Faced by the German demands, which were supported by England and France, Czechoslovakia offered far-reaching concessions and suggested that the issue be referred to the World Court at The Hague. The Hungarian Premier and Foreign Minister visited Hitler at Berchtesgaden to ask his help in regard to their minorities in Czechoslovakia. Poland began an agitation for control of the Teschen area. Mussolini, in a speech, supported all these demands.

Wednesday: Britain and France demanded of Czechoslovakia immediate acceptance of the German terms, and this was given "under irresistible pressure." In Great Britain, Anthony Eden and Winston Churchill expressed disapproval of Chamberlain's policy. Maxim Litvinov, Russian Foreign Minister, announced that the USSR which is under an obligation would remain faithful to the terms of that obligation.

Thursday: Chamberlain and Hitler met again, at Godesberg. In a long conference, Chamberlain is understood to have asked demobilization of the German army, suspension of the press campaign against the Czechs, a joint guarantee of the future integrity of Czechoslovak territory and creation of an international commission to fix the exact frontiers and arrange the exchange of populations. Hitler's counter-demands were not then made known, but obviously caused Chamberlain great concern. A new government was set up in Czechoslovakia headed by General Jan Syrovy. Czech soldiers moved back into positions in the Sudeten area that had been vacated. Three members of the French Cabinet offered their resignations because of the Anglo-French policy.

Friday: Instead of conferring further with Hitler, Chamberlain sent him a letter asking a written reply. A meeting at 10 P. M., supposedly only a courtesy call before Chamberlain returned to London, became instead a three-hour conference. The Czechs mobilized an army of 1,500,000. Litvinov in another statement warned that Soviet Russia was still prepared to support the Czechs. The USSR threatened to renounce the non-aggression treaty with Poland if the Poles moved.

Saturday: Chamberlain returned to London and entered an immediate conference with the Cabinet. Mussolini stated Germany had given the Czechs an ultimatum, demanding full acceptance of its terms and execution of some of them by October 1. France began a partial mobilization, and so did Belgium. Similar steps were taken in many other countries.

Sunday: The terms of the German ultimatum were made public. Large areas were to be turned over to Germany at once. In others, a plebiscite would be held, a simple majority to determine whether these went to Germany or Czechoslovakia. All fortifications were to be left intact by the Czechs, all Sudetens to be dismissed from the Czech army and all political prisoners to be freed. It was indicated that Czechoslovakia would reject these terms. The French Premier and Foreign Minister spent the day in London conferring with the British Cabinet. Mussolini announced Italy would mobilize if other countries continued to do so.

Monday: President Roosevelt sent an urgent appeal to Hitler and Benes to continue their negotiations, and not make a resort to force which would mean a world disaster, the loss of millions of lives of men, women and children and no real settlement of the issues. Hitler in a speech reiterated his abuse of Benes and his overtures to Britain and France. He did not, however, close the door against negotiations. Great Britain announced that with France and Soviet Russia she would come to the aid of the Czechs if attacked. Chamberlain assured Hitler Great Britain would see to it that if peace were

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America's Part

AMERICAN OPINION HAS BEEN outspoken on the European crisis. It is solidly against Hitler, and almost as solidly in opposition to Chamberlain's judgment in giving way to him on a long series of issues culminating in the offer to cede Sudeten territories, even though to stand firm might have meant a general war. At the moment, Hitler, having bullied his way to so great a surrender on the part of Britain and France, is overplaying his hand by demanding still more; more than Czechoslovakia will grant without giving battle, and probably more than the French and British authorities will advise granting. If at last they are unyielding and Hitler chooses not to withdraw at this late date, war may break out by the time this issue of The New Republic reaches its readers. Even though that does not happen, the conflict will not be permanently resolved; it will arise again to plague the world in the future. If war comes, where does this country stand? What will it do? What ought it to do? Knowledge of our intentions would be an aid in preserving peace, whether war comes now or not.

There is no question of the United States entering the hostilities, at least for the time being. American opinion is still firmly against participation in another European war, no matter what the issues. And a very large part of it—as we believe, an overwhelming majority—is in favor of adopting a course that will do the utmost to erect safeguards against our being drawn into war in the future. We are resolved not to be compelled to take part as we were virtually compelled to in 1917.

At the same time, American opinion is far more bitterly aroused against Germany than it was at any time between August, 1914, and April, 1917. There is no use in advising "neutrality of thought," as President Wilson did at the outbreak of hostilities. That would be completely unrealistic. We are not and do not want to be impartial in such a struggle as now seems to impend. If, in a strained effort to keep aloof, our government should do anything greatly to injure the cause of Hitler's opponents, public opinion would react and topple us bodily into the conflagration before many months had passed. It is necessary, therefore, to serve two aims at the same time—first, to keep out of war; second, to refrain from action which would materially injure the chances of success of those whose cause we favor.

There is now on the statute books a law framed in the anticipation of just such an eventuality. It is called the Neutrality Act of 1937, but the title is a misnomer. It is not an act following the old tradition of neutrality in international law, which was proved im-

did not concern our effort to keep at peace so much as it did an assertion of the rights of our citizens to sell as much as possible to belligerents, to maintain ships in war zones and to travel safely anywhere at sea. Neither is it an act framed to express an absolutely objective impartiality as between belligerents—something impossible to achieve in fact. It is an act intended to prevent the kind of trouble that embroiled us in the last great conflict—a law to keep us out of war. This act automatically comes into force if a war is declared in Europe. It comes into force if a war exists but is not declared, provided the President issues a proclamation that a state of war exists.

Immediately upon coming into force, the law absolutely forbids the following:

1. Exports from this country to belligerents, or to neutrals for the use of belligerents, of arms, ammunition and implements of war.
2. Loans or credits to belligerents, except ordinary commercial credits.
3. Travel by American citizens on belligerent ships, with certain necessary exceptions.

The first provision has two main purposes: to prevent the building up in this country of a munitions industry to supply warring nations—a development that would create a large economic interest dependent upon war customers—and to prevent controversies with belligerents about their efforts to stop shipments of munitions to their enemies.

The second provision also is calculated to forestall the creation of an industrial and financial war interest in this country, and to avoid the making of unrepayable war loans.

The third provision is intended to prevent danger to American lives and the highly charged emotional controversies over incidents like the sinking of the "Lusitania."

The law, in addition, recognizes the fact that the bulk of war trade is not in munitions proper, but in other things like automobiles and trucks, wheat, chemicals, oil and a wide array of commodities. They also may be captured at sea, and trade in them may cause an artificial war boom with subsequent depression. The Act therefore authorizes the President in his discretion to place such commodities on a list to which the "cash-and-carry" provisions shall apply. Any commodities thus specified must, if sold to belligerents or for their use, pass out of American ownership before they leave our shores, and they cannot be carried in ships of American registry. This provision, if called into effect, is far

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the products in question as long as they can pay for them, but they must take the responsibility for transporting and defending them against the enemy outside the borders of the United States. With these provisions in effect, we should have no important controversy about either British blockades or German submarine warfare.

These sections of the law would go far to prevent a repetition of the long continued diplomatic disputes, first with Britain and later with Germany, which occurred between 1914 and 1917 and became the legal background for American entrance into the War. They would not, on the other hand, cut off normal trade with the warring nations. None of those countries which might be engaged now finances its trade with us by means of loans, and only a minor part of our exports is ordinarily carried in ships of American registry.

But would the application of these restrictions seriously embarrass Hitler's enemies? The main parts of the answer to this question lie in the answers to two further questions—first, which nations have the greatest cash purchasing power in this country, and which nations control the trade routes by superior naval power?

Cash purchasing power of foreigners arises in the first place from imports which we buy from them. We buy most of all from Canada and Great Britain, a good deal from France, but relatively little from Germany or Italy. Although our purchases from Japan are considerable, our normal trade relations on the average greatly favor the probable anti-German allies. Additional cash purchasing power, over and above that arising from exchange of goods, can come mainly from gold shipments, bank balances in America and the sale of securities owned in this country by foreigners. We receive gold mainly from the democratic nations or the neutrals—neither Japan, Germany nor Italy has much to spare. Their bank balances here are negligible also. Securities owned in this country by foreigners total over $7,000,000,000. Of these, subjects of Great Britain and Canadians own more than half. Holland, Switzerland and France come next. Not one of the Fascist allies could muster any appreciable amount of cash from this source.

Without much question, the British and French navies could control the Atlantic trade routes and interrupt shipments from this country to Germany or Italy. In addition, their merchant marine, plus that of neutrals, would heavily outweigh that of the Germans and Italians. Japan could protect her own commerce in the Pacific against serious interference by the British or French, and she does have a sizable merchant marine. But she could not ship goods to her European allies, and the submarines and aircraft of the Soviet Union would be a hazard of no mean proportions.

The cash-and-carry policy, plus the embargo on of the United States against the aggressors. It would give a free hand to the anti-Fascist allies in preventing their enemies from getting supplies from the United States. It would do nothing to alter the normal trade situation, in which at least nine-tenths of the purchasing power for exports of our goods lies in the hands of these allies.

Hitler and his friends might, and undoubtedly would, resent this enormous help that his foes were receiving from us, but they would have no legal grounds for objecting on the basis of a law adopted long before the crisis arose, and technically applying with equal force to all belligerents. And there would be little they could do to put a stop to it without actually attacking American soil. In the remote eventuality that they were both foolhardy enough and strong enough to try that, we should know what to do.

One important question remains—whether the absolute embargo on "arms, ammunition and implements of war" would seriously hamper the anti-Fascist allies. These are great manufacturing nations, equipped to depend almost wholly on themselves for finished munitions, and relying on the outside world mainly for raw materials or semi-manufactured goods. The embargo on war manufactures could not therefore injure them greatly as against Germany, Italy and Japan, whose resources are far smaller. There may be, however, one exception—military airplanes. Both Britain and France have placed orders here for a considerable quantity, and both are reported to be disturbed by an assumed superiority of the German air force. It is our belief that the combined available air armaments of the Soviet Union, France and Britain would overwhelm those of Germany and Italy, but if this were not the case, America's help in this respect might be badly needed. If so, we ought seriously to consider modifying the law in order to permit the sale of aircraft to belligerents, on the cash-and-carry basis. This would involve no additional danger to us of becoming embroiled through interruption of shipments, and the orders for aircraft would not greatly unbalance our economic structure.

Further emergency legislation would be required to handle our own economic problems arising from the war. A big rush of war orders, financed by the sale of foreign-owned securities in our markets, might cause us trouble, even though new loans remained forbidden. The sale of abnormal quantities of securities would tend to depress the Stock Exchange while, even more important, the ordering of supplies to an extent far above normal prosperous trade would ultimately create a temporary and unhealthy war boom in industry and agriculture. As a safeguard against too great an unsettling influence of this kind, it would be well to set up a governmental agency with which all foreign-owned securities must be registered, and from which licenses

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securities could then be rationed to restrict to something like normal proportions the amount of purchasing power in this country available to belligerents.

Further internal controls would be advisable to deal with economic dislocations resulting from war orders—such controls as excess-profits taxes in war industries, price regulation to protect American consumers of necessities, and rationing and priorities wherever scarcities developed. But weeks or months might safely be occupied in devising protective measures such as these.

The course for the United States, then, seems clear. If war comes, the Neutrality Act should at once be invoked. Its discretionary cash-and-carry provisions should be called into play to cover all war trade, outside of the actually embargoed munitions. We should seriously consider removing from the embargoed class to the cash-and-carry class military airplanes and their parts. We should at once set up an agency to regulate the liquidation of foreign-owned securities in this country. We should prepare to install other controls to protect our economic equilibrium. This line of action would serve a double purpose. First, it would give notice of our intention not to fight; second, it would allow the anti-Fascist allies to do their utmost to prevent even a tiny trickle of American economic resources from reaching their enemies, without protest or interference from us, while it would permit them to use their own enormous purchasing power here for whatever they required—with only such restrictions as would tend to prevent serious derangement of our economy.

If war does not come now, Hitler and Mussolini should recognize that such a program represents the possible extreme of our "isolationism" and that it makes us virtually an economic ally of their enemies. Any important modification would surely be in the direction of active participation in war.

Spain's New Appeal

SENOR NEGRIN'S SPEECH at Geneva is worth examination on two counts. Probably estimating that both shame at recent behavior and military necessity, should war break out, would dispose the British and French governments to amend their policy toward Loyalist Spain, he suggested that the Spanish war might possibly be settled by mediation.

As to the military necessity of an Anglo-French change of policy in the event of war there can be no doubt. So long ago as October, 1937, the French General Staff suggested to M. Blum that French divisions be sent to Spain. It is known to military specialists that six divisions have been apportioned to guard the Pyrenees should the worst come to the worst. The New Republic has already drawn attention to these possi-

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ence to Germany, it was doubtful whether British and French interference would have been such as to profit Spanish democracy.

At the present time, the possibilities are otherwise. Señor Negrín seems to have foreseen this, for while he ruled out neither himself nor an outside power as mediator, he made it clear that the present government's continuance in power was a condition.

At the same time, Señor Negrín sought to appeal to British governmental opinion by announcing that the International Brigade would be dissolved and repatriated, thus placing his government's position in sharp contrast with that of Burgos, which recently rejected every important item in the British government's proposed scheme for the withdrawal of foreign combatants. The departure of the Brigade will rob the Spanish scene of one of its most significant and heroic aspects, but there is no doubt that it is in line with what has consistently been Spanish government policy. The aim has always been to build a purely Spanish army. In November, 1936, the International Brigade, under its own general, played a vital and perhaps a determining part in the defense of Madrid. Shortly afterwards its component brigades into which Spanish battalions had been invited, were broken up among Spanish units. At Jarama in February, 1937, it was still a major factor, as also at Guadalajara in March. To a lesser extent this was true of the July offensive at Brunete. By reason of its own depletion, as well as the increased efficiency of the Spanish units, it has since gradually lost its military importance.

This detachment's vital task of moral encouragement and organizational instruction has been performed. The Fifteenth Brigade, at least, is still in action on the Ebro sector but there can be no doubt that its withdrawal will not seriously weaken the Spanish government's army. Could as much be said of a withdrawal of Italian, German and Moorish troops from Franco's forces?

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Editors
BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY R. M. LOVETT
GEORGE SOULE STARK YOUNG

Assistant Editors: OTIS FERGUSON ELIZABETH HULING

Contributing Editors
H. N. BRAILSFORD HEYWOOD BROUN JOHN T. FLYNN
WALDO FRANK E. C. LINDEMAN . W. P. MANGOLD
JON. MITCHELL LEWIS MUMFORD R. G. TUGWELL

Treasurer: DANIEL MEBANE

E. G. WOOD *Advertising Manager* BYRON DEXTER *Circulation Manager*

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Will Japan Collapse?

RETURNING from a trip through Japan I find myself confronted with people who keep asking this one question—"When will Japan collapse?" The American public, it seems, has become convinced by now that Japan is bound to lose this fifteen-months-old war and that the final collapse—military, economic, moral—is but a question of time. While I concede the desirability of a solution by "collapse," my observations and conclusions do not conform to my wishes.

On the contrary: I have left the empire of Japan with a deep conviction of its tremendous strength. While all of Europe and much of America worries about the outcome of the Czechoslovakian crisis, the Japanese army conquers a continent. Despite hopeful reports of Chinese victories and of the encouraging activities of guerilla forces, the Far Eastern situation seems to boil down to three words: Japan takes China.

This, for one thing, is now the objective of those who run the war. During my stay in Japan, the objective grew. There were rumors of a peace after the fall of Hsuchow, important junction in the north. There still are rumors of a peace after the (generally anticipated) fall of Hankow. The Japanese military know better. After the fall of Hankow they want to throw their force into a southern campaign culminating in the capture of Canton.

The way Canton became a marked city was significant. Only a few months ago, the Japanese Foreign Office made frantic efforts to save Canton. The military, at the same time, went ahead with definite plans to attack and take the city. Both factions acted for the same reason: Canton's paramount importance for the West, especially the Anglo-Saxon nations. The noble argument ended in a complete victory of the army, which succeeded in throwing Mr. Hirota, then Foreign Minister, out of office. Macabre epilogue to this affair: the East Asia Division of the Foreign Office, thus far managing the diplomatic end of the show in China, will be severed from the Foreign Office and merged with army organs into a China Bureau. This amputation means the end of civilian influence upon the future course of the China campaign.

This future course is closely connected with developments in Europe. The forced inertia of Western powers with interests in the Far East paves the way for the Japanese advance. The three main powers whose intervention was a tangible possibility a year ago are busy somewhere else. There is Great Britain, for one thing, scared into realism by Hitler, Henlein and others. A realism which means in Far Eastern terms [illegible] fluence along the Yangtze and in South China. The British lion appears to be satisfied as long as he may rest his paws in Hongkong and Singapore. His hind paws, for that matter. And gossip has it that growing influences in the City are willing to pay for this sorry privilege.

Japan hates Britain. People of all classes will go to great lengths explaining this hatred. Without Britain, they claim, the Chiang government would have folded up long ago. Without Britain, China would not obtain arms and ammunition to resist. And even if, as it has been established, a large share of these munitions comes from Italy and Germany, they still have to pass Hongkong, a British port, to get into China. Thus there is a general feeling that Britain stands in the way of Japan's manifest destiny. London's growing passivity has given the British a better press of late, however, and the expectation of future credits imposes a fair measure of caution. Meanwhile, brilliant British brains, representing the Empire in Tokyo, feel highly uncomfortable.

There is France, which has to fear for her colony of Indo-China—the richest within the French colonial realm—and her sphere of influence in Yunnan, South China. France has done her bit to strengthen Chiang's back by sending arms and advisers into Hankow. This behavior brought about a vicious attack on the part of the combined Japanese press. After that, French enthusiasm seems to have slackened, along with the British.

But there is the Soviet Union, which still represents the crux of the Far Eastern situation. While the military rulers of Japan wish to antagonize Britain, they desire to *fight* Russia. This seemingly foolish desire is openly voiced among the officers of the Kwantung army (the Japanese army in Manchuria), who have repeatedly refused to coöperate with the rest of the imperial forces in China proper. Here is a clue for developments leading up to recent clashes along the Amur border. The Kwantung forces had received so little publicity of late, and their wait-and-see policy had met with so much criticism in Tokyo, that informed circles expected a series of manufactured incidents which would prove the Kwantung army's indispensability up north.

Whether this aggressive mentality was matched by the spirit of General Blücher's Far Eastern forces, it is hard to say. An effective Russian intervention seems to be China's only chance. Military observers on the spot, granting Japan's unexcelled striking power on the ground and in the air, doubt whether Japan will be

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upon Japan's industrial nerve centers around Osaka and Tokyo within a few hours, Japan would have to sink her teeth into Siberian marshes. Experts believe that Russia would win.

Such a war would be "made to order," from the British point of view. A Russian victory would bring tremendous relief even to the most disillusioned realists in London, and the problem of a potential subsequent Russification of the Far East could be dealt with later—diplomatically. All this on the understanding, of course, that such a war would remain a local affair. With Russia's pressing obligations in Europe, and with the Tokyo-Berlin alliance still in the air, this seems extremely doubtful. Hence there is little probability of foreign interference.

Inside Japan, the frozen calm of leaders and population proves that a panic would be premature. With the recent decrees restricting the peacetime waste of raw materials, the feeling prevails that Japan can see her war through. There are just enough exports, and there is just enough gold, to keep the mills going. Factory windows are lit up all night. The shipyards out of Kobe harbor send their roaring noise through the soft Japanese night, spotlights focused on the keels of half a dozen new ships. Clerks in Tokyo Marunouchi, the downtown business district, burn the midnight oil, filling their ashtrays with half-smoked "Cherry" cigarettes. Up country, women and children plant enough rice for the townsfolk to eat. Seventy million Japanese work twenty-four hours a day.

Do they approve of the war? With the rapid advance of a totalitarian form of government, this question has lost its importance. To keep the records of history straight, it may be stated that the overwhelming majority of the Japanese people do not like the war. They, too, hate to see their boys come home without arms or legs, or cremated and boxed in little wooden cases. But their feelings do not matter and, besides, how many of them know what is going on? They are just as little aware of the idea behind the war as the English people were aware of the fact that Clive established the Indian Empire.

Japan today presents the typical picture of a prefascist civilization. This fact is overlooked by those who hold that the fascist form has been achieved already; and, alas, by those who predict a spectacular comeback of liberalism whenever a liberal assumes a political post in one of the many face-saving maneuvers which add local color to the political scene. Japan has entered the familiar one-way alley, and the wheels cannot be turned back.

There is no fascist party, to be sure. During my stay in Tokyo, there was considerable talk about the establishment of a third party to "build a bridge between [illegible]." S[illegible] names were men-

Admiral Suetsugu, the present Home Minister, a known fascist; Mr. Kuhara, one of the financial backers of the February 26, 1936, uprising; and Prince Fumimaro Konoe himself. But Suetsugu, whom I met shortly before I left, has lost the dashing spirit which was his asset as a navy man. Kuhara is not important enough and too dubious a personality. Konoe, finally, seems to be earmarked for a more important position behind the scenes after his resignation, which is anticipated for the end of the next Diet session.

The establishment of a third party does not even seem necessary. It appears that those civilian and military elements which profess fascist tendencies may rule comfortably without the device of a party structure. At the present juncture, there are at least four decided fascists within the Japanese Cabinet: Araki (Education); Suetsugu (Home); Itagaki (War); Tojo (Vice-Minister of War). Among them, these four dominate the government. Their influence is by no means balanced by Ikeda (Commerce, Finance), a former business executive of liberal color, or Ugaki (Foreign), whose ideas are somewhat moderate.

But their power is still far from being totalitarian. There are the remnants of the Parliament, which cannot be shoved aside completely because of the sacred character of the Imperial Constitution. There are the leaders of a liberal, enlightened, sophisticated business community, who still frown at the clumsy and ruthless efforts of uncouth army men to run the country. There is the press, which still has the nerve to come out and say things—once in a while. There is, above all, the exclusive group of elder men around the Emperor, who are all liberals of the good old Meiji tradition and who cannot be eliminated except by death.

Furthermore, there is the peculiar Japanese system of group responsibility and group leadership. The inborn suspicion against the powerful individual is very strong indeed. It starts down in the factories where two or more men service a machine that would be handled by a single man in Detroit. It is a distinct feature of clerical work, and it runs right through the army itself in the sense that people who have made too much of a name for themselves are spirited into another assignment. This system, almost Roman in its implications, has taken a heavy toll among the potential candidates.

Yet traditions are known to have collapsed in the face of a fascist onslaught. In this connection it is worth knowing that the hotbed of fascist ideas is not to be found within the ranks of the army. Army officers, as distinct from the far more civilized navy officers, are thought to lack both education and intelligence. They will fight for ideas, and possibly revolt for ideas, but they will not manufacture them. The ideas are hatched by obscure and inarticulate groups of white-collar intellectuals who sit up all night, writing secret pamphlets or drafting plans for The Day. These people,

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cers' group, expect The Leader to come up from their own ranks—to rise, in fact, like an air bubble from the bottom of the sea, to assume power in one sweeping move and lead the nation up to the pinnacle of glory.

No doubt, these elements are prepared to shed blood, the blood of their enemies—liberal writers, obnoxious proletarians, dirty politicians—when the emergency arises. They have given proof, on several occasions in the past, that murder is not below their conception of a political campaign. But it stands to reason that their final goal, the transformation of Japan into a totalitarian paradise, may require relatively little brutality. Liberal elements are scared to death. Proletarian movements of an illegal nature are "found out" by the police in every instance, and they have a quick way of dealing with traitors. If, at any time, discontent and disappointment should reach the state of open, revolutionary action, the chance for fascists in uniform and morning coat will have arrived. They will step in and save the nation and everything will be quiet again.

Meanwhile, people are preparing for a long period of emergency. While they believe in victory, they no longer believe in a speedy conquest of the enemy's land. Under the strain of the war, things are tightening up rapidly and unpleasantly. Among the newly proposed measures aiming at greater economy in the use of valuable materials, one is of an almost tragic interest: the wide, picturesque sleeves of the kimono are to be cut off. As sleeves account for an exorbitant percentage of the material used for clothes, considerable saving is expected to result from this measure. Only one point has been overlooked. A sanctioned custom forbids the people of the Rising Sun to cry, so to say, with a naked face; and the rich, falling sleeve of the national costume has sheltered weeping eyes for millennia. To deprive a nation of its tears—it sounds like a grim and daring experiment.

But it may well be that the Japanese have forgotten how to cry.

ERNEST O. HAUSER

The Catholic Movie Censorship

JOSEPH I. BREEN, a Catholic of Irish descent, is the one-man censor of the movies. He vigorously dictates a morals code to the film executives, who are 99-percent Jewish. When Mr. Breen commands, the producers obey. If the producers did not heed the dicta of Mr. Breen their pictures would be denied a Purity Seal, and lacking a Purity Seal the pictures would not be shown in the hundreds of theatres where they must be sold to earn back the cost of production. Hence they toe the mark drawn by Mr. Breen.

Mr. Breen does not enforce the morals code single-handed. He carries the portfolio of the Legion of Decency. Behind him is a mighty army, the 18,600,000 Catholic communicants of the United States. Their captains are the parish priests, their generals are the archbishops, and their war college is the Vatican. Their bullets are mass boycott and they are well supplied with bombs of public protest.

The producers are not tempted to stage a revolt against Mr. Breen. They know, from past experience, that the well disciplined Catholic army would move into formation against them with a barrage of boycotts and terrifying accusations in the public prints. And so it is not surprising that during the four years Mr. Breen has been enforcing the purity code there has not been a single case of insubordination.

There is no particular reason why the Protestants or Jews of the United States should accuse the Catholic Church of tyranny. Five years ago their ministers and rabbis were joining with the Catholics in the protests against the low moral standards of the movies. The Pope, accounting for a total of 36,000,000 church members.

But while the Protestants and the Jews, the parent-teacher groups, women's clubs and various other organizations were just talking about the moral turpitude of the movies, the Catholics took action. For the Catholic Church observed that the publicity focused on condemned pictures was whetting the curiosity of the general public. The Church was concerned. It was shrewd enough to wield the power inherent in any tightly organized and well disciplined minority group. Early in 1934 a group of Catholic bishops gathered together and formed the Legion of Decency, with the announced purpose of boycotting objectionable pictures.

At first the producers were stunned. Then they became terrified. In the beginning they affirmed their good intentions, and six months later they frantically confirmed Mr. Breen's appointment as official movie censor and pledged themselves to obey him.

Mr. Breen is a stocky, robust and vigorous man with a dominating personality. His eyes are wide and candid, but his smiling mouth is tight in repose. On October 14 he will be forty-eight years old. The Breens have six children and a grandchild. The family lives in the exclusive film colony of Beverly Hills. The salary that the producers pay Mr. Breen is an official secret, but two years ago he bought his fine home for $50,000 and he maintains his large family in a style consistent with such an establishment. He also entertains generously on occasion and takes periodic trips to Europe. When he was in Europe last summer he was decorated by the

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enormous job, but Mr. Breen does not obviously play the dictator. His manner is suave and his good humor cajoling. He prefers to be pleasant, but if anyone decides to get tough in an argument, he can match epithets and pound fists with the best of them.

Not even Mickey Mouse is immune from Breen's eagle eye. If you think Mickey hasn't adopted decorum since the purity code, take a look at a ten-year-old Mickey Mouse cartoon and note the difference for yourself. Today, Donald Duck would not be permitted to lay an egg regardless of his sex, because the purity code states that "scenes of actual childbirth, in fact or in silhouette, are never to be presented," and the laying of an egg is considered an act of birth.

The recent picture, "The Birth of a Baby," which was endorsed by the medical profession, was not given a Purity Seal. But no waves of indignation emanated from the Breen office when it was shown in first-class theatres. The picture was so highly recommended by medical and educational groups that Joe Breen may have deemed it inadvisable to raise a row. As a rule, a picture lacking the Breen stamp of approval can be shown only in the dubious and renegade little movie houses. There is no specific law to regulate this practice, but the fact is well known to theatre and production executives.

During 1937 Mr. Breen and his staff of assistants wrote 6,477 official opinions on stories, scripts and pictures. They studied 379 books, stories, plays and synopses at the request of the producers. They inspected 2,584 finished scripts and saw 1,489 screenings of pictures. In addition they held 1,478 consultations with studio staffs.

Censorship begins with the selection of a story. If Mr. Breen hears that a producer considers buying a literary or dramatic property which he deems unsuited to the screen, he advises the producer not to buy it. If the producer ignores the advice, he will be required to alter or disguise the original until it meets with the approval of the Breen office.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer paid enormous sums for the screen rights to "It Can't Happen Here" and "The Postman Always Rings Twice," but has made no effort to put either story on the screen. Time and again the same studio has postponed production of "Idiot's Delight." And each time production is held up by script trouble caused by censorship restrictions. The character of the young Communist who denounces war will have to be eliminated along with other vital material before it can ever reach the screen.

Samuel Goldwyn, believing that "The Children's Hour" could be artistically cleansed so as to offend no one, bought Lillian Hellman's hit play against advice. The Breen office decreed that the title must be changed, that no publicity or advertising must suggest, even in whatever with "The Children's Hour." The picture reached the screen without any prior identity, and shorn of any of its original exploitation value. The screen title read: "Samuel Goldwyn Presents 'These Three,' Original Story and Screenplay by Lillian Hellman."

Mr. Breen even "advises" on the casting of pictures if occasion requires. When he approved the finished script for "San Francisco," he "suggested" to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer that Spencer Tracy was the actor best qualified to portray the priest who exchanges punches with Clark Gable. The studio asked Tracy to take the role, but Tracy, a devout Catholic himself, was afraid of the part. He declined. Finally, according to Tracy's own story, Mr. Breen persuaded him to play the part, a performance which, incidentally, gave Tracy's screen career a substantial boost.

Each of the eight major studios which comprise the membership of the Association of Motion Picture Producers, where Mr. Breen is employed, has its own knotty censorship problems. But the smaller, independent companies who "voluntarily" seek censorship from Mr. Breen have an even harder time. Since the independent companies do not contribute to the support of the AMPP, they are charged a censorship fee in proportion to the total cost of the picture. There are few set rules of censorship and each case is a matter for individual judgment. The cheap, independent pictures must observe a censorship far more stringent than the expensive films of major studios.

One independent film had a sequence in which a poor young school teacher went to New York and took a room in a cheap hotel. During the day a young man was to deliver a package to her room. The Breen office ruled that no bed must be seen in the hotel room, although the heroine was fully clothed and the visitor came on a business errand. To meet this requirement, the poor teacher was given a two-room suite so that the visitor could be admitted to a sitting room!

Later Universal produced "The Rage of Paris," in which Danielle Darrieux and Douglas Fairbanks Jr. were marooned in a mountain cabin. During the night Miss Darrieux donned provocative pajamas and in an amusing sequence she called Fairbanks into her room repeatedly on various pretexts. But that was an expensive picture made by a member of the AMPP.

"Delinquent Parents," a cheap film, depended for its whole theme on the fact that the heroine was subject to ridicule and humiliation because she had been born out of wedlock. The Breen staff promptly banned such a shameful idea. The producer was required to insert dialogue which cleared the heroine's pedigree. Yet Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer produced "Conquest" in which the love of Marie Walewska and Napoleon culminates in the birth of their illegitimate son. No effort was made to conceal the child's illegitimacy. But "Conquest" cost over $2,000,000 and was produced

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Historical fact cannot be cited as sole justification for this moral broadmindedness. The same studio produced "Port of Seven Seas" in which the plight of an unwed expectant mother is highlighted, and the real father returns to claim the baby from the foster father who gave it a name. The latter story was fiction and it was approved by the Breen office.

An innocent bit of natural humor in "Wells Fargo" was sentenced to the cutting-room floor. Bob Burns said something about having to get back to the stable before his work piled up. The line was a howl at the preview. There was a considerable row over censorship of this dialogue, and the gag finally remained in the print that was released in Los Angeles.

In addition to censoring scripts, Mr. Breen or a member of his staff views the rough cut of most pictures to direct elimination of any scenes that may be objectionable. All movie publicity, press books, advertising and "still" photographs must also be approved before they are released.

Then there are the periodic reminders from the Legion of Decency.

On August 22 it issued the following statement:

The Legion of Decency operates under the auspices of the Catholic Bishops, whose pastoral solicitude for souls obliges them, especially in a medium so influential as the cinema, to oppose vigorously every trend which threatens to invade the domain of fixed and unvarying principles of morality expressed in the natural and Divine Law.

The Legion views with grave apprehension those efforts now being made to utilize the cinema for the spread of ideas antagonistic, not only to traditional Christian morality but to all religion. It must oppose the efforts of those who would make motion pictures an agency for the dissemination of the false, atheistic and immoral doctrines repeatedly condemned by all accepted moral teachers.

Films which portray, approvingly, concepts rooted in philosophies attacking the Christian moral order and the supernatural destiny of man serve not to ennoble but, rather, to debase humanity, and, as such, these films are an affront to right-thinking men and women.

The Legion of Decency, with every resource at its command, shall challenge any program using the popular theatre screen to exploit such insidious doctrines.

ELIZABETH YEAMAN

The Letters of Lincoln Steffens[1]

To Allen H. Suggett

Berlin, September 14, 1919

Dear Allen:

. . . The war is over for me, the flag-war. Now I am a pacifist against the class war. It is too fierce, too expensive, too atrocious. It is not scientific. It is reasoned from the mere fact of its existence, and it is a fact, of course; and no doubt it will go on to the bitter end. But the diagnosis is false, and evolution IS POSSIBLE. Only, doggone it, the evolutionists won't evolve—not while they have their precious privileges to protect. But that's my book, and I don't want to write that this fine, summer morning. . . .

Yesterday I called, with the permission of the Foreign Office, on Radek, the Russian Bolshevik who was arrested here for his part in the Spartacist movement. A very interesting figure, small, light body—all nerves, with an amazing head and forehead and abounding with life and vision. The moment we got to talking the whole world came into view as a historical, developing, living thing, and Persia was as actual and near as Italy. There is such a thing as mental geography. We don't realize it, but we have maps in our heads, and the map of a Radek is different from mine or yours. California is hardly a spot on his, but India is and the Mediterranean, East Siberia and Japan. And it is so with history. How these radicals do know, study and use history! They use it too much, I think. They read it to follow, instead of to avoid its repetitions. I found that Radek understood the Bullitt mission perfectly, and had guessed right the reasons for its failure. He is well treated in prison, has the newspapers and really reads them. He has plans, but they are nothing like those he is suspected of. I believe the governments would let him out, if they could have heard what he said to me—but that is none of my business. All you need to know for the present is that the Bolsheviks are fast becoming conservative and practical, with a vision still, but no illusions. Power does men good before it begins to do them harm. The Russians are in the good stage, but their enemies won't find it out till it's too late. . . .

Lin

To Jack Hollister

Monte Carlo, February 21, 1919

Dear Jack:

. . . Europe isn't doing very well. . . . All the governors of men that I watched fumbling the ball at Paris were afraid of anything new. They thought it enough to have good intentions and mean well. Well, most men mean well. But Lenin, about whom you ask, is not trying to be good. He wants to be wise, and as a matter of fact, he is cautiously applying to the social life of Russia the best we know of the science of government. Moreover, he is making a go

[1] The present selection from the letters of Steffens, as well as those printed last week and a further instalment to come, are taken [illegible]

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the men who write it, as I know; nor by the European editors who print it, as some of them have admitted to me; and the truth, as I saw it in Russia, is known to men high up in the governments that are fighting and starving Russia, the Balkan states, and holding Germany down.

I tell you, Jack, my generation is too dishonest and too unscientific to solve the social problem. Labor, with its new culture, may do the job. The lower classes at least SEE the problem and the upper classes, in their blindness, don't, and are gradually forcing the workers to tackle their own problem. Meanwhile both sides in the class war, which is on over here, are knocking out the Liberals, bidding all neutral and evolutionary minds to "shinny on their own side." It looks bad for liberalism, and the great liberals I know are disheartened. But there must be liberalism. The English have it in its finest form. The Socialists haven't it at all, and they will need it most of all, as Russia shows. So that is the line of development for you young fellows. Try to find out while you are in college what the books can tell you of the sicknesses of society, read up yourselves all the proposed remedies and, without deciding upon one till you know and can experiment with all, go out into this superstitious world and help it. Work with and in it as your father does on his ranch. He reads up or listens to the scholars in agriculture, then he experiments for himself, and he has done some things the books say can't be done. . . .

Affectionately, your uncle,

Lincoln Steffens

To Ella Winter

Bad Pyrmont, Germany, June 13, 1922

Dear Peter:

. . . I do want to take some things out of your mind. There is one conception you do not grasp, or not sufficiently. We have talked about it before. You accept it but you don't hold it all the time. It is, in brief, that we are not to judge but *explain* events and men. Just now everybody is blaming the French instead of asking why they balk at all our plans. There is a cause for their conduct; they themselves give reasons and your writers answer with counter-arguments. If you come here, I will show you that the French have all the reason on their side. They are holding the world back but—there's a cause; not a reason, but a cause. And what is true of the French is true of us all. The course of the Russian Revolution is due, not to the misconduct of the Bolsheviki, but to the laws which govern all revolutions.

I have just been talking with Emma Goldman about that, and she won't take it. She admits that the Russian Revolution has followed the curve of the French Revolution, and I show her that the Mexican Revolution moved along the very same road, but she still Communist Party, which is the fashion, the religion of ences which are necessary to prevent the next revolution from being like—all the others. You see, my theory is that if you will study events we can avoid the repetitions of history. And we can't study events, if we pause to judge the men. Lloyd George is another example. I watched him at Genoa and he doesn't do what I would have him do, but I could see that he cannot; and that the criticism wasted on him is needed to get at the forces which keep him from doing what terribly demands to be done. Really, Peter, I have something to give you along that line; and you are ripe to take it. You probably think you have it already, but you haven't it as a mental habit. The scientific attitude isn't instinctive yet; it isn't a constant. And you must have it in your business. Come and get it.

Stef

To Laura Suggett

Paris, October 1, 1923

Dear Laura:

. . . There is really something new in the world. There is a powerful, intelligent government in Russia, which owns and means to control all those economic interests which own and control every other government in the world. And our trip began with Germany, where the old culture is driving on to its just but awful destiny, and ended in France, where the old culture is being driven to its logical conclusion. It is a story worth the time to tell, but it is too long for a letter.

Russia is strong. All I have ever said about it is true, and more also. The Bolsheviki have not retreated, they have not yielded, they don't mean to surrender. They understand with bare brains what they have achieved, what they are up against; they know what it has cost and what it will cost to hold on; but things are improving, they are sure they can win and they will fight on to the end. They are bringing up the youth to fight and die. You see these youth on the street, audacious, dapper, ready for the next war, which they are taught is to come, the final great war, in which they are to die, these boys. And they walk by you with heads up, thinking you are what they call NEP men —business men produced by the New Economic Policy, profiteers, money-makers. They despise business men, these boys; all the New Russians despise business-men seekers after individual success. They give such no votes, no respect, no hope. They tolerate them as we do prostitutes, because they cannot abolish them yet. It is awful to be a business man in Russia. I met some, and they are tragedies.

"They treat us like dogs," said one. "They let us operate, but they leave us out of everything, they disfranchise us, they look down on us, but worst of all, they take our children away from us. I mean," he corrected, "I mean that our children leave us and join the

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To Fremont Older

Paris, October 5, 1923

Dear Fremont:

. . . You who don't believe in human nature should get this, Fremont. The first leaders of the revolution found that they could not hold communism because the old generation of the peasants and workers were accustomed to the old ways. These could not stand the new. Lenin let them slip back, saying, however, that as they, the old slaves, had been made by slavery, so the children could be made heroes by liberty and education. So they gave the kids liberty and they gave them schooling in the army and in the schools and at mass meetings. No one else had liberty, only the children.

They were not punished, they were spoiled; that was their liberty. But they were led to worship self-discipline and hard service for the cause. That was their education. And hasty as it was, unorganized, it proved—this is what I want you to get—Russia proved that you can change human nature sufficiently in one generation—nay, in nine years, to fill your cities, country, army and political party with Reds that make the old Reds blush visibly. You ask if they will hold it, and I answer that they have also taken away from these children the surroundings and the possessions and the hope of gains which among us spoil our children and make business men of them. These kids despise a business man. They point at them in the street, cruelly, and laugh. Service for a profit is a shame, but service of the state for communism is a glory, especially if it is the slow building of an organization to produce something useful. I think the children of Russia are a guarantee of its Red future and, if they have been produced in ten years, what will the schools and the army and the factories which they make do to the new children in two or three generations? And give the new conditions a few hundred years and I believe they will make a race, the meanest of which will be a noble and the best men of our day. And you must realize that the best human being is a living proof of human possibility. You know some pretty fine men, Fremont, fine in spite of our mean conditions. What would they have been in a fine, generous world? . . .

Affectionately,

Lincoln Steffens

To E. A. Filene

San Francisco, October 17, 1929

Dear E. A.:

. . . You, a boss, set out to get your employees to take over your business and so achieve democracy in one spot in industry. They did not rise to the chance in a business, just as they have not risen to the opportunity the ballot and our democratic charters gave them to "take over" political power. Why not? . . . I suggest that the cause of this failure may mean that democracy as a theory of action is the bunk and that one of your mistakes was in your theory of democracy. Maybe your life shows, among other things, that Mussolini is right when he says that the people don't want to govern themselves, that they want George to do it. But in analyzing the events to get at this conclusion you must tell him how you gave power also to your partners, and how they, typically, I think, used their power, as the employees used theirs, to get lesser things: high wages, bigger dividends, prestige and finally all power. They took over the business, and not in the interest of the business, but in the interest of their careers. Wood[1] will find rich digging in the story of that failure. He will learn from it something so scientific that he will be able to predict what is likely to happen in General Motors, etc., as well as in a new Western state. There is a truth hidden in that stuff which Wood has his hands on.

Second: you set out to reduce the percentage cost of distribution. It has increased. Ford succeeded in cutting the factory price of autos and he showed that the cost of distribution could be reduced and he did not solve that so well as he did his own problem. Evidently it is the harder, as it is also the more important problem. Why is it so hard? That question might be answered and the problem might be stated so clearly out of an analysis of your failure (and everybody else's; even Ford's) that this book might lead to its solution; which would be success. I think that, in dealing with this thread of your story, Wood or you or somebody should consult with Ford, Garet Garrett, the General Motors people and any other men you know that have ideas or experience along this line, but principally you should tell and retell the story till Wood and you see what your mistakes may have been.

You made other failures. You got little or no credit from your creation of the City Club, from the League of Nations, from the reorganization of the Chambers of Commerce. You may not care, but I do and Wood will, for you thereby lost control and a good influence over these tools or weapons; and the failure was due to a mistake, to a defect in your character or in your thinking. I am not going now, in a letter, into all of this; there is too much of it. All I want to say now is that you have not yet put yourself over on Wood or he has not opened his ears, eyes and mind enough yet, he has not got you; neither your sincerity nor your weaknesses. If he can see just why, he will have another element in his story, for your failure with him is probably the same as your failure with your employees, your partners, your friends and associates. Let Wood ask Brandeis, for example, why he misses you; as he does. . . .

Affectionately,

Lincoln Steffens

[1] Charles Wood started, but did not finish, a Life of E. A. Filene.

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Shoot the Works

Ninth Inning Rally

THE NEW YORK SUN, which I suspect at times of being opposed to the New Deal, made the grudging admission that the President had won "a partial victory" in the defeat of John J. O'Connor in the Democratic primary. That is a mild way of stating it. Frankly, if the President had been able to plan the result I do not see how he could have cut it better for his purposes. Indeed there is a sort of hollow sound in the jubilation of those commentators who have attempted to keep a punishing box score upon "the purge." Some of them went to press with the score before the ninth inning had been completed.

In that final frame, the New Deal certainly batted all around and gave the opposition quite a whaling. Indeed the discomfiture of O'Connor more than makes up for defeats elsewhere. This was the true World's Series test.

Many years ago a large Indian named Bemis Pierce played tackle for Carlisle. His opponent on an eleven representing one of the Eastern institutions of higher learning played rough with the Indian. All through the first half he kept his thumb in the eye of Pierce, stepped upon his toes, and slapped and jolted him. But shortly before the half ended, Bemis Pierce saw an opportunity to swing a short right hook to the jaw of his adversary. They called for the water boy and the trainer, and finally the umpire asked, "Is there a doctor in the stands?" But at the end of ten minutes the stricken gladiator was revived, led slowly up and down the field and put into play again.

Bemis Pierce, the big Indian, leaned forward and remarked to his rival, "Since this game began you have roughed me up two dozen times. I have hit you once. Now we are even." It seems to me that Mr. Roosevelt is in a position to say much the same thing as Bemis Pierce.

The defeat of John J. O'Connor has both its practical and its spiritual value. Most political observers in Manhattan believe that he has small chance of being returned to the House in running as a Republican. Indeed he is under a pledge to support the man chosen in the Democratic primary. This bond may go the way of other solemn treaties and obligations, but even if John gets back in a change of costume his presence can hardly help the cause of reaction very much. It would, on the whole, be sweet to see him sitting in the benches of the GOP, since he would furnish living testimony of Mr. Roosevelt's assertion that many who chose to profit by the Democratic label were in their hearts allied with the most reactionary wing of the Republican Party.

And the primary itself emphasized this fact. For the purposes of New Deal strategy it was preferable for O'Connor to win the Republican primary. Once again proof has been offered that no matter what mistakes Democrats may make, and they have a flair for errors, the Republicans can always go them one better. Dulles was a Republican candidate of a much higher quality than the city machine generally sends out to slaughter. Although a critic of the [illegible] in the House. The purge has caught

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gressive measures. And so the stalwarts in the party not only proceeded to rebuke the first intelligent leadership the Republicans have had in New York, but chose a faithful Tammany brave as the favorite son of the GOP.

Win, lose or draw, the fangs of John J. O'Connor are drawn as far as his chairmanship of the Rules Committee goes. If returned as a Republican he would still forfeit his seniority. The post he held was a much greater handicap to progressive legislation than anything that has been done or could be done by the various Senators who won in primaries in spite of presidential opposition. It is probably true that Roosevelt knew he had no hope at all of beating George of Georgia or Cotton Ed in South Carolina. These fights, I am certain, were made for the sake of the record.

Only a long battle of education will convince many Southern voters that the Civil War is not an issue and that it is silly to send men to Washington to fight economic betterment even though Sherman did march to the sea. I think it might be demonstrated statistically that Cotton Ed and his clan have actually brought more misery to Southern industrial areas than the most violent burning band in the Union army. And when the cry of "carpet-baggers" is raised, I wonder whether the average Southern voter really knows just who it is who runs his life and sets his pay. Several Southern states have become the first refuge of the runaway mill or factory and the dividends of long hours and thin pay envelopes go for the most part not to even the well-to-do of the community but to absentee landlords. "The damn Yankees" have put more over on the South during the industrial revolution than they ever did during the days of Reconstruction and the irony is that these ravages are greeted with Rebel yells of triumph. I feel quite certain that both Lee and Stonewall Jackson would revolve most rapidly in their graves if they could hear the manner in which their names are often used by demagogic reactionaries in the Southland.

The President told the newspapermen in one of his press conferences that he expected Millard Tydings to win, and had indeed set down the result in advance with a high degree of accuracy. That prediction I think may be taken with a little salt. To be sure, Franklin Delano Roosevelt is too astute to have gone haywire with optimism, but I have a sneaking feeling that until the votes were in he hoped that some miracle might occur to upset the Senator's federal and state machine and the power of the Sunpapers. Maryland proved that in some senses Mr. Roosevelt, in spite of popular delusion to the contrary, is not always practical in his politics. Federal patronage was of little use to him. It had already been used by his adversaries who had control of those disbursements.

But Tydings is less an active foe of progressivism than dead weight across its path. His voice is not often heard in the Senate nor does it command respect. As far as newspapermen go, they are at least 90 percent anti-Tydings. He could easily win a press election for the most perfect stuffed-shirt in the upper house. And now there is a boom launched for Tydings for President. That cannot do much harm. On the contrary it may serve as an object lesson to show how bereft of any real leadership and ability is the reactionary wing of the Democratic Party.

The actual knifing of progressive policies fell largely to

the trigger-man. The rest can follow in due course. Mr. Roosevelt is living up magnificently to his reputation of losing all battles but the last one which really counts.

HEYWOOD BROUN

Washington Notes

FDR's New Foreign Policy

THE NEW DEAL'S FOREIGN POLICY, slowly built up over five years, is today shattered. When Mr. Chamberlain and M. Daladier abandoned Czechoslovakia, Mr. Roosevelt's world program collapsed. The administration now gives the impression of groping for a new diplomatic plan.

Mr. Roosevelt's policy up to a few days ago—his ante-Czechoslovakia policy, so to speak—was hard to describe. Neither Mr. Roosevelt himself, nor Mr. Hull, ever put it into realistic, one-syllable words. As they told of it, however, it was coöperation with the democracies, the support of a world democratic front. This democratic front lies in fragments in the gutters of Prague.

To this observer, the White House advisers and State Department experts seem divided into two camps, with many important officials—probably including Mr. Roosevelt—wavering between them. One group believes that the Hitler-Chamberlain-Daladier bargain will collapse. It expects Germany, Hungary, Poland and—above all—Italy to increase their blackmail and sabotage as each day passes. Still more important, it expects the "business-first" Cabinets of Mr. Chamberlain and M. Daladier to be swept aside for "patriotic" governments, led by men like Mr. Eden in England and M. Blum in France.

Few people appreciate, I think, how close the relationship has been between individual New Dealers and M. Blum and his associates. M. Blum's somewhat hysterical appeal to Mr. Roosevelt, at the height of the Czech crisis, moved and saddened them. Eden is less well known; in this writer's judgment, his capacity for leadership is overrated. This first group of New Dealers denies that a revived front of democratic nations would lead to a European war into which this country might be drawn. It does not think that Hitler and Mussolini will dare fight.

The opposing administration group accepts the Hitler-Chamberlain-Daladier deal as an accomplished fact. At the moment, at least, its members are shouting isolationists, thanking Heaven that this country is well out of the European "mess." Republican headquarters here have shown an intention of using the European situation as a campaign issue, accusing Mr. Roosevelt of a secret wish to take us into a European war. Senator Nye—ordinarily no favorite of the Republican organization—has already been put up to make an isolationist broadcast. According to report, Postmaster General Farley has made soundings among the voters, and has warned the administration that it cannot afford to let the Republicans gain possession of the peace issue. Observers think that this practical argument is having great weight with the President.

Although most administration members profess to believe that no general European war will come, at least not until next spring, the War, Navy and Treasury Departments have been making feverish preparations to shield this country from its shock if it should come. The preparations of the War and Navy Departments consist, in the main, in a stern resolution to ask Congress for increased funds, and have a faintly comic aspect. The Treasury and the other fiscal agencies of the government, however, would face a staggering task in the event of war. Mr. Morgenthau says that the administration possesses sufficient powers to protect our markets from the seismic disturbances that would accompany a war, but observers are inclined to think this official optimism. Certainly its immediate effect would be to block recovery. These efforts have had only mild encouragement from Mr. Hull, but New Dealers argue that they would aid, not hinder, his policy of "freer" trade.

There is immense sympathy in Washington for President Benes. He lived here briefly in the heroic days when the Czechoslovakian republic was being forged; as one of the chief spokesmen for the League of Nations, he is known to many American officials. More than this, however, thoughtful New Dealers recognize a kinship between him and themselves. Benes is an intellectual, a planner, a person who wished to use intelligence to improve the world. The League, in the establishment of which he had so vast a share, was itself a prodigious job of planning. Benes' defeat before the anti-rationalism of the Nazis is a defeat for the New Deal spirit.

Benes' personal tragedy is deeply appreciated. Like so many New Dealers, he was a teacher's pet. He loved his old professor, Masaryk. He fled with him into exile, helped make him the first Czech president. For almost twenty years, Benes slaved to make real Masaryk's dream. When Masaryk died, and Benes was elevated to his place, he must have had a secret, well justified glow of pride in his faithfulness as a student. And within a short space of time, his master's work lies in ruins.

The CIO leaders have made preparations to organize the building trades, stronghold of the A. F. of L. The decision, it is believed, has been taken partly as a defensive measure. The A. F. of L. has recognized the Progressive Miners, rival of Mr. John L. Lewis' United Mine Workers, and lately voted to provide it with funds and organizers. This is a more blatant example of dual unionism than anything done or proposed by the CIO. Mr. Lewis' UMWA is, of course, one of the strongest, most aggressive unions in the country; the claim that coal miners lack union leadership is preposterous. The CIO's decision to begin organization work in the building trades is a warning to the A. F. of L. to stay its hand.

The CIO's action, however, is partly influenced by the reported desire of locals of carpenters, plumbers, electricians and other building-trade workers to break away from the A. F. of L. If building-trade workers spontaneously revolt from the A. F. of L., they will undoubtedly find welcome in the CIO. It is also true that the CIO has long wished to help the Woodworkers of America, now well organized on the Pacific Coast, extend its influence over the rest of the country, particularly the South, where Mr. Bill Hutchinson's Carpenters' Union has always been weak. The Woodworkers' leaders are eag[illegible]

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Southern pulp industry, as well as workers in Southern lumber yards. It already has locals in Minnesota and New York.

The announcement by the A. F. of L.'s office-workers' affiliate of a drive among WPA workers has left the CIO unmoved. More than a year ago, at the first hint of the approaching depression, the CIO adopted a general unemployment policy, in accordance with which immense efforts have been made not only to keep men within their unions after they have been thrown out of work, but to organize unemployed workers without previous union membership. Locals of the United Auto Workers are reported actually to have increased their membership during the depression. This policy has made a separate union for reliefers in large measure unneeded, and—as forecast in these Notes—has prevented the affiliation with the CIO of the Workers' Alliance, strongest union of WPA workers.

Washington T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Railroad Wreckage

WHETHER OR NOT the railroads, if they were properly capitalized and efficiently managed, could pay higher wages to their union workers is a matter which a study by the mediators named by the President ought to be able to establish.

There is no doubt that the roads cannot pay higher wages without making some other adjustments in their policies. They can't support the men who run the trains and support at the same time the crushing debts which weigh down the trains. They can't pay better wages and rebuild their slowly rusting roads under the kind of management which has been cursing the roads these last twenty years.

Take, for instance, the Wabash Railroad. First the Delaware and Hudson bought about 46 percent of the stock of the Wabash and later sold it to the Pennsylvania. On that transaction the Pennsylvania took a loss of something more than $65,000,000. The Wabash itself bought 259,000 shares of the stock of Lehigh Valley. It was bought in the open market at a cost of $24,000,000. At one time it was not worth $4,000,000. It is practically worthless now.

The Wabash bought that stock on margin and they did it when the road was paying no dividends on its common. This purchase depleted its cash position so seriously that the road had to borrow $17,867,000 in May, 1928. It was that fatal purchase which forced the loan and the loan which resulted in the receivership of the Wabash.

Obviously a railroad which is run this way cannot pay either its workers or its stockholders. It is of interest to note that a time came when the bankers who held the notes of the Wabash for the purchase of the Lehigh stock wanted their money. The Wabash didn't have any money. So the bankers suggested to the RFC that it should bail them out—that the government should use public money to bail out the banks on a bad loan contracted to speculate in Lehigh stocks. It looked like a pretty impudent request. But the RFC complied with it. Furthermore, it later loaned the Wabash receivers public funds to pay interest on defaulted bonds. Altogether this bankrupt railroad managed to borrow from the RFC over $17,000,000.

In 1930 the income of the road was $3,781,000. But $1,000,000 of this was so much moonshine. It consisted in a dividend from one of its subsidiaries, the Ann Arbor, which dividend was never paid. So that the actual net income of the road was $2,781,000. Yet in that year, a depression year, the Wabash declared a dividend of $3,700,000, of which the Pennsylvania Railroad collected $1,500,000. Of course it had no business declaring a dividend. And a year later it was in the hands of a receiver.

Obviously a railroad thus operated cannot do justice to its workers. But the road managements make the mistake of supposing that they have ended the rail dispute when they point out that they cannot pay higher wages. This still leaves the question—why cannot they pay higher wages? The unions insist there are over 600,000 railroad workers who get less than $100 a month and over 200,000 who get less than $73 a month. Why is a railroad like the Wabash unable to do better than that? And by the same token why is it these roads cannot keep up their road beds, modernize their trains, take care of depreciation?

There is no real solution of the wage question and the operating problems of the roads until the country does what it has resolutely refused to do for years—face the hopeless capital-structure problem of the roads.

Among the Democratic Senators who came to Washington with the advent of the New Deal, Homer Bone has been one of the most consistent and conscientious liberals. It is pleasant to note, not merely that he was renominated in Washington by the Democrats, but that he accomplished this by a majority of more than four to one. But most interesting is the manner in which he won this endorsement of his party. He ran against two opponents and did it without a campaign fund. He had no headquarters, no paid campaign workers and no literature. He put out no pictures of himself. He spent no money on meetings and paid for no halls or broadcasts or newspaper advertisements. He went around the state in his own automobile driven by himself. He spoke only at meetings to which he was invited. That is, where the people in any community were sufficiently interested to hold a meeting and listen to him, he addressed them. He made a few radio talks on time contributed by the broadcasting companies. He did not wait for anyone to attempt to dig up his votes on questions in the Senate. He got up a mimeographed copy of all his votes on every important issue during his six years and announced he would send a copy to anyone who wished it. All this he did as part of a deliberate plan to run for the highest office in the state without a campaign fund, without obligating himself to any contributors. His only expenses were the cost of driving around the state to speak at about thirty meetings.

A more useful, earnest, hard-working and scrupulous public servant is not to be found in the Senate. He is of course an advanced liberal. And he is a militant liberal. But he is also an independent liberal. He is a New Dealer—a true New Dealer, not just a 1933 convert, but he has not hesitated to vote and talk independently on all issues. Washington Republicans well placed to know how things stand in their state tell me that Bone will beat their candidate.

JOHN T. FLYNN

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Benny and the Budapests

IN A WAY IT IS TOO BAD that the Victor album of Mozart's clarinet quintet (K. 581) owes some part of its best-seller eminence to a sort of freak quality. (The album has been out for quite a while: six ten-inch sides and two twelve-inch; $6.50 list.) It combines the work of the Budapest String Quartet, a widespread revival of interest in the composer, and the clarinet playing of the idol of swing, Mr. Benny Goodman. It is Benny's being there that gives it the freak quality, both to those who aren't supposed to know and to those who are paid to. But the fact of the matter is that it is a beautiful piece of recording all through.

In the studio things were just right that day, and all the mysterious wicked spirits which live in dead walls and volume-levels and microphone placement and the limitations of control-room engineers were kept out of it. There was just that degree of understanding between the inviolate four and the outsider. And there was the music, one of the natural triumphs of that strange harried young man who seems to have papered half the world with his bright industry.

There was no stunting in the way these people got together. Benny had always wanted to play this quintet, had played it, or parts of it, several times. And from the moment he first heard the Budapest men he was sold, never heard anything like it (as indeed I believe neither has anyone else). He met them and played a little for them, and they're no dopes—they know a perfect clarinet when they hear it. So the story goes that they asked Benny if he played with any orchestra perhaps? So Benny played them some records and after that they would come down to the Madhattan Room in the Pennsylvania, four of them sitting gravely around a table ("Hey, the Budapests are in"), and listen to the band with their four heads back. Benny played with an orchestra all right. Then they would play a concert somewhere on a Sunday and Benny would go hear them. The upshot of it was that Victor decided the five of them ought to do the Mozart piece, and Benny was running around as tickled as a kid. He even got slightly off the wagon as a gesture, for the Budapests make a sturdy four around a bottle.

That was all there was to it, except rehearsals, after which the other Goodmans would sit around the house and chuckle covertly, for it was probably the only time in their lives they'd get a chance to hear someone say, No no, not that way, *this* way, kicking it right over to the old man himself instead of vice versa. And when they got it ready they went down one day and made it, which I suppose is the way all miracles happen.

It is mainly in the strings, of course, that this structure is raised and held; and the Budapest men have the background and impeccable taste to keep such a structure together, to keep it airy and keep it from sagging. Much talk of interpretation (like the talk about the "philosophy" of music and the loose throwing around of such terms as "dynamics") is mere gossip, playing into the hands of those who would become conspicuous by difference, doing it the odd rather than the hard way. The Budapest Quartet seems content to play simply what is there, to concentrate on getting inside the feeling of it and on playing it at its mortal

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triumphant tenacity. Whereas music should always flow as the ear, instinct, true feeling and hard experience. And these men have it, and carry it with an air of seasoned confidence, a sort of reckless and proud ease with themselves, as though music were their house to walk in, and a noble one. There is none of the tight little constraint or the overblown ripeness that betrays, one way or the other, all those too much in awe and in self-doubt.

There will be found first-chair men in this or that orchestra to match any one of these four, and technically go him one better, like as not. Eminence here comes from the way the four of them have become a single thing, like a family—until, playing, there seem to be delicate waves of radiation from each to all, and from all back again to the separate men, until you can almost imagine that if one first string goes all the first strings will go, simultaneously, and all four will with simultaneous gravity say damn and reach into their cases for a new one. The four tones of their chord are so evenly distributed as to value that no one can be picked out; the unmeasurable duration of any one note is as cleanly marked as if their pulses ran an identical count. And they go beyond this to attack, emphasis, color—all the shades of expression in music. They are as perfectly brought into unison as the pipes of an organ but have at the same time that human edge and raw sweetness which no such mechanical thing will ever come near.

Benny Goodman knew these things when he heard them, for they were in a broad way the things he had worked for on his different plane. He didn't have to talk about it at all: he could show you. He would put the music of some other quartet on the phonograph and grab you. (You see what I mean? They don't *swing*.) Then another quartet (There, can you imagine that? No swing at all. But wait a minute now, till we . . . I want you to . . . here!). And he would put one of the Budapest records on, and sit there as far away as China.

He didn't mean that the quartet jumped so you could dance to it, of course. Before the newspapers got hold of it, the term "swing" in its best sense was a musician's short-cut to saying that the music had come alive, that its phrases ran beautifully together like foothills and filled the world. There is no word for this transformation from the passive to the active voice—or little conscious appreciation of it either, for the more complex music becomes and the farther we get from its sources, the more dependent we are on "interpreters." Music has two lives: first the concept in somebody's head and heart, second the expression. In between it is a mummy, because for all its intricacies, notation can't do more than tell you where to dig for the body. It has a great passive beauty even on the flat page of the score, it is true, and any ham symphony orchestra could hit a couple of clean chords from the "Egmont" overture and bring your heart up to your shoulders. But virtuosity becomes too greatly prized (the highest soprano, the fastest cadenza) and pedestrianism too easily tolerated in a field where few can walk at all. And so we have these versions that make you suspect Bach shot thirty-second notes into the score with a machine gun, and that music in general could be added up like a column of figures. One thing does not run into another; each note being written down and so fixed, like a fly on a pin, they play it that way with tri-

Anyhow that's what Benny knew, standing in his jazz heritage. Chamber-music groups or a soloist might have studied and memorized every note ever written but he didn't need to pore over their qualifications and press book: he could cock his ear a bit and then tell you—it don't mean a thing, nothing *happens*. As for himself, he plays second chair to no one. He mastered the tricky holes, keys and double-register shift of the clarinet so early I doubt he even notices when he's got it in his hands, once he has found a good reed. And since, he has developed as many voices as there are keys almost. On "King Porter's Stomp" he can make it bite with a high rasping strength. On a blues he will have that haunting reedy quality which sets the clarinet off from all other instruments, low and far away and wild and sad. Just running down chords on that silver-fitted Selmer of his, off the stand or at home, he gets a running breath of song that makes you forget about everything and listen. But principally he commands, through any shift or through the longest breath, a clean full tone, strong and with the warmth of life around its edges.

Having decided that Mozart should be played with straight purity, he comes as close to the liquid quality of the flute as ever was heard—and without that overhanging flute fuzz of breath over the mouthpiece. And if you should ever wish to hear something completely innocent of strain I recommend the last half of the *allegro* here: the strain of music is as unforced and fluent as a column of smoke in the air, effortless in the long sunny stretches and in the quick rush and twist of the end as well. The feeling is there but subordinate to the whole effect—which in general is one of grace and flying, and return again to the full slow chords. And if you take the *adagio* part of the fourth variation, fourth movement, you will hear feeling where it is properly expressed, in the held tones or the downward turn of a phrase.

Benny felt what they were doing and he was a good musician, and so when the clarinet as an individual drops out of sight you have to look sharp before you discover it again, for it has merged, like a fifth instinct, into the subtle background for all the world as though it were a Budapest itself. You should realize, as Benny did, that this is not "Sweet Sue," that Mozart was old enough and tall enough to speak for himself, and that the instrument he wrote for had a narrower range of expression. (Aside from the technical beauty of a modern clarinet, there is the major fact that the composer-performer tradition of American jazz has spread the single possibilities of brass and reeds out like a fan, for these men no longer read aloud but speak, and speech develops many voices.) This was not the place for the more relaxed and personal music of Benny's familiar idiom.

So the quintet is played the way the writing indicated, and for once perhaps the way it spun and lifted in the composer's head. It is particularly good to see this mingling of a lively new tradition with the best of the old, for there is much misunderstanding on both sides and much to be done, not merely for concert audiences but for the life of music itself. But this album of records goes beyond that in its own right: it can be played and played, and under the smooth surface of near-perfection you will still find something like the perennially wonderful depth and glow of the rarer

The Bandwagon

"The fact that this member of an old aristocratic English family humbled himself to the last degree to a former paperhanger, as a means of averting war, shows just what a man can do if he is willing to sacrifice personal feeling and pride in the interest of peace," declared the First Baptist pastor. – *From a report of a sermon by Dr. Edward Hughes Pruden, discussing Chamberlain's visit to Hitler, in The Washington Post.*

"I was always so busy taking care of the poor, I didn't think," says political chief. – *Headline on a news story about Jimmy Hines printed in The Washington Herald-Times.*

America has gained nothing, has lost much, and stands to lose more by universal suffrage. It even may be contended that government has declined in quality and in disinterestedness with every extension of the franchise. – *From an editorial in The Richmond, Va., News Leader, opposing the abolition of the poll tax.*

The possibility that Hitler, Goebbels and Goering are being used by God as instruments in His program of wider justice, perhaps to force the fortunate democracies to remember sins they would prefer to forget and lead them nearer to God and real repentance, was suggested yesterday by the Rev. Dr. Arthur Lee Kinsolving. – *From a report of a sermon at Trinity Church, Boston, in The Boston Herald.*

Declaring that the clinic harbored "racketeers in the distribution of contraceptives," Father O'Brien said that "even the lowest beasts in the field did not stoop to the use of contraceptives and yet these scoundrels in Austin's birth-control clinic would prostitute Christian motherhood. I denounce them all from God's pulpit. – *From a news item in The Austin, Texas, Statesman, referring to a sermon by the Rev. James J. O'Brien of St. Mary's Catholic Church.*

Shoo!

A German plane marked plainly with swastikas flew over this border city [Basel] today. Guards at strategic bridges waved their arms to drive the plane away. – *From an A. P. dispatch to The Detroit Free Press.*

Have They Asked for Unions Yet?

The cheap-labor problem has been solved by the British colonial governments in the East with the employment of apes. They are used to gather mangoes, cocoanuts and other fruits from tall trees and obtain botanical specimens from the upper branches. They have their language difficulties, but two of the apes receiving experimental training already understand twenty words of the Malayan language. – *News item in The St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Band-

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Correspondence

Not An Anti-Trust Racket

SIR: No one even half so familiar as is Dr. Beard with the economic legislation and industrial development of the last forty years can help sharing at times the skepticism and, if I may say so, the tired disillusionment characterizing Dr. Beard's forceful utterance ["The Anti-Trust Racket," The New Republic, September 21]. Nor is there anyone connected in a responsible capacity with the present inquiry of the Temporary National Economic Committee who differs one whit from Dr. Beard's statement of the objectives and procedures of investigation that will "approach the issue constructively and deal with it rationally and efficiently." In fact, he hits so many nails on the head that one can only regret the necessity of pointing out that he may have hit one or two wrong and superfluous ones.

To those who have long admired Dr. Beard's struggles at great cost to himself in defense of truth and public welfare, his opening statement is a source of particular regret. How is it possible in view of the "realistic language" of the President's message, which "got down to the substance of the business," that an inquiry enjoined by congressional resolution to make that message its set of instructions can be called "another investigation of the trusts"? While Dr. Beard may have forgotten some of these instructions, the Committee cannot. All of its activities and the agenda of the federal agencies involved embody, it seems to me, so that he who runs may read, the presidential and congressional mandate that "we all want efficient industrial growth and the advantages of mass production. . . . We must find practical control over blind economic forces as well as over blindly selfish men. . . . The study should not be confined to the traditional anti-trust field. . . . It is not intended as the beginning of any ill considered 'trust-busting' activity which lacks proper consideration for economic results."

To have Dr. Beard act as a sounding board for the popular and in some respects deliberately popularized misconception that this is a "monopoly inquiry" seems like a stab in the back. It is distressing that he so underestimates the influence of his own research and teaching as to consider it necessary to repeat the admonition that "reliance upon restoring or recovering former conditions by anti-trust action is utter folly. . . . Ours is now, and in the nature of things is destined to be, a great continental technological society." Of course it is.

The problem not only as Dr. Beard sees it, but so far as I know, as everyone connected with the Temporary National Economic Committee sees it, is "one of providing the legal, financial, labor, managerial and patent-use conditions best calculated to get our vast economic machine in the highest possible motion." How can that fact be more clearly or more emphatically stated than in the President's message or in the congressional resolution?

In conclusion, it seems to me that the very canons of historical criticism which Dr. Beard has so ably advanced dictate that a project be judged by its results rather than by protestations of good intent. Why not wait and see, meanwhile lending all possible assistance to making the most of an opportunity to make democracy work which may not soon come again? The economic, financial, legal, fiscal, governmental and business barriers to high levels of production are already fearfully strong and firmly entrenched in public ignorance, economic superstition and short-sighted self-interest. They do not merit gratuitous aid from grand old heroes of liberalism like Dr. Beard.

A Letter from Mrs. Harding

SIR: Your issue of April 27 contained certain false and defamatory references to me in an article called "The Autobiographers" and I was glad to get your letter of June 1 expressing your regret and promising "immediate correction." Thereupon I wrote you a letter for publication. Unfortunately, you did not publish my letter, and the statement in your issue of July 6 again blurs the actual facts and thereby seriously aggravates the original libel.

I will briefly recapitulate the matter set out in my former letter and then point out the serious injustice done me by the suppression of essential fact in your "correction."

In your issue of April 27 your reviewer referred to me as a British agent and associated me with Marguerite Harrison, an American Intelligence Agent, to whose espionage activities he referred. In referring to me as a British agent your reviewer repeated a wholly false charge on account of which I suffered months of solitary confinement under sentence of death when I went to Russia (with full permission of the Russian government) as correspondent of The New York World in 1920.

It is entirely untrue that I was ever at any time a British agent and the allegation is grossly defamatory in view of the fact that I, and the British government on my behalf, obtained an indemnity from the Russian government on the ground that the charge of espionage against me was "utterly false and baseless" and that I was "not at any time a secret-service agent." Were there a scintilla of truth in your reviewer's allegation, then this money was obtained on false pretenses.

Your readers should be made aware that this reparation was demanded in successive British Notes to the Soviet in 1921 and that after a formidable agitation (which included repeated appeals to Parliament by both the British journalists' organizations—the National Union of Journalists and the Institute of Journalists), it was finally made one of the five points of the ten-day Ultimatum to Russia of May, 1923. (See White Papers, Russia, Nos. 1, 2 and 3.) The Soviet in its reply note named Mrs. Marguerite Harrison as my accuser and named no other accuser (see full text of the first Russian reply note, printed May 15 in The Manchester Guardian, Times, etc., and in the White Paper).

It is quite indispensable to draw your readers' attention to the fact that at the time I went to Russia for The World, Mrs. Marguerite Harrison was living in Moscow (as she relates in her book "There's Always Tomorrow," pp. 312-13, etc.) on the terms that she acted as informer to the Russian police, and that she was arrested some months later by her Soviet employers on a charge of "high treason" for giving "absolutely false" information in this capacity (pp. 360, 553, of her book). Mrs. Harrison relates that she accepted release on these terms at the time of her first arrest (no doubt under threat of execution, though she does not say so), and she states that she continued to work for her original employers, the American Military Intelligence (see page 329, etc., "There's Always Tomorrow"). Mrs. Harrison freely relates these things in her autobiography and it is essential for an understanding of my case that they should be borne in mind by the reader.

It is outrageously unfair to mention that I shared Mrs. Harrison's quarters for a short while in Berlin (as is done both in your issue of April 7 and again in your correction of July 6), and to suppress the fact that *Mrs. Marguerite Harrison repre-*

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mentions, at the time when she invited me to share her quarters, *she never told me (and I certainly did not guess) that* she "was anything more than a newspaper correspondent." It is entirely *false* to state that I ever "worked" with Marguerite Harrison; or had any business transaction whatever with her beyond the sale to her of a few stories for The Sun, at a time when I knew her solely as a correspondent of that paper and had no inkling of her espionage activities.

In spite of what I wrote in this connection in my previous letter, your "correction" *again* prints a reference to the "fact that the two women had lived and worked together in Berlin" and *again* suppresses the circumstance that Marguerite Harrison was successfully camouflaged as correspondent of The Baltimore Sun.

You quote Mrs. Harrison's statement that she sent me a message advising me not to go to Russia for The World, as the Soviet authorities were aware of my contacts with her in Berlin. How could such a message have deterred me, since Mrs. Harrison *herself*, according to all reports, was in high favor with the Soviet authorities; was cabling nightly dispatches to her news agency; and she was accompanying the British Labor delegation down the Volga—how could I guess that she was doing this under instructions from the Russian police to spy on the delegates, who of course also only knew her as a newspaper correspondent? (She mentions this and adds that "this could do no possible harm"—see page 210 of her book.) How could I imagine, without knowing the terms on which Mrs. Harrison was living in Moscow, that my former acquaintance with her would be any hindrance to me in my Moscow assignment? No such message reached me and it is entirely irrelevant whether or no one was sent.

More relevant is her admission that she advised the Soviet authorities not to admit me. Thereupon the third member of the Presidium of the Cheka, Mogilewsky, that very busy man, came all the way to Reval to meet me, after informing Mrs. Harrison that he was going to meet me, as she mentions, and that I should be put into her room on arrival, and that she would be expected to get more information from me (see pp. 337, 340 of her book).

To sum up, in your letter of June 1 (which I was glad to get), you mention that your reviewer merely repeated the allegation that I was a British agent from Mrs. Marguerite Harrison's book. In other words, he derived the information from her. The Soviet authorities also referred to Marguerite Harrison as the source of the same information. In this connection I should like to point out that a person who admittedly lives for a number of months simultaneously in the character of American Intelligence Agent and secret agent of the Russian police, *may* be very able and intelligent, but *must* necessarily be able to lie easily and often. Yet both your reviewer and the Russian police accepted her allegation as evidence.

And what evidence does Mrs. Harrison herself produce in support of the unfounded accusation which brought me such incalculable suffering? She merely says that I myself told her so! Is there any false accusation whatever that cannot be substantiated against anyone at all, if it is sufficient for the accuser to say "he himself told me so"? Is this evidence in any civilized country?

Your readers should know that immediately after the payment of the indemnity by Russia, a further election appeal was made by both journalists' organizations which secured a large body of parliamentary support from all political parties for my claim for reparation from Washington as Mrs. Marguerite Harrison's employer. A letter signed by a number of members of Parliament of all parties was later sent to every member of both Houses of Congress setting out my claim. This claim

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colleagues should not look upon this as a matter between a *British* journalist and an *American* journalist and writer. The position as I see it is simply that a journalist who was not a spy was accused of espionage by a spy who was also a journalist. I am sure that most American journalists dislike what might be called the "Marguerite Harrison racket"—*i.e.*, the combination of secret-service agent and special correspondent—as much as I do, and will agree with me that the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack have nothing to do with this issue.

The *only* amends that you can make me is to print this letter as it stands.

STAN HARDING

P. S. Thank you at least for printing Gollancz's apology for the publication of Mrs. Harrison's libel. Unfortunately your printers' insertion of a comma after the word "Russia" in the first paragraph has the effect of making it unclear that I went to Russia for The World—a fact of particular significance to American readers.

[The "false and defamatory references" in our issue of April 27, to which Mrs. Harding refers, consisted of a single sentence in Robert Cantwell's article, "The Autobiographers," in which Mrs. Harding was not mentioned by name. Upon receiving a protest from her, we gave a full statement of the case in our issue of July 6 which included the conflicting claims of Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Harding and also the full text of the apology to Mrs. Harding made by Victor Gollancz, Ltd., the British publishers of Mrs. Harrison's book. We of course deeply regret having inadvertently repeated the allegation which has cast its shadow over Mrs. Harding's life for nearly two decades. – THE EDITORS]

"When Wall Street Goes Socialist"

SIR: As junior counsel for New York City from 1928 to 1931 in the fare litigation, and as assistant to Messrs. Seabury and Berle from 1934 to 1937 in the unification negotiations, I must dissent from the remarks of Mr. I. F. Stone on the New York traction situation in his article, "When Wall Street Goes Socialist," published in your August 10 issue.

It is, of course, true that the New York tractions have a background of pretty knavish financing. It is equally true that the present wish of Interborough and BMT security holders to sell their properties to the city is due, not to conversion to socialism, but to the danger to their investments resulting from the competition of the municipal line and the contract five-cent fare. But as agreement is the only practicable method by which a city can acquire an existing utility, either the principle of municipal ownership must be rejected (except where duplication is feasible) or the discomfort of the private owner must be taken advantage of to buy him out. A prosperous going concern will sell only at fantastic prices.

The test of whether a purchase negotiated under such circumstances is desirable is the gain thereby made by the city. The fact that the private interests make some gain cannot in itself condemn a plan, for obviously they will never sell unless the result is some improvement in their position.

There is no plan pending at the present time. As there is no "present basis," Mr. Stone's assertion that "purchase on the present basis will add to the existing transit deficit being paid out of the city treasury" is meaningless. The proposed grant to the city of increased borrowing capacity for unification purposes commits the city to nothing. As unification moves and has moved forward very slowly there can be no doubt of ample opportunity to criticize any specific plan.

Mr. Stone's charge that the Seabury-Berle plan ignored factors tending to decrease revenues in claiming a saving of

interest rates, slower amortization and immunity from state and federal taxes, concededly reduced fixed charges ahead of the city's share of the transit revenues by $9,000,000 a year. The decrease in revenue to which Mr. Stone refers has come very substantially out of the city, holder of the junior interest in the present subway investment. A reduction in fixed charges of $9,000,000 would regain some or all of that loss for the city. In addition, that plan would have transferred the management of the rapid-transit enterprises from private to public hands, given to the municipal government power to demolish elevated lines without the necessity of condemnation (a process that has led to excessive costs) and eliminated from municipal transit affairs the influence of Wall Street stock speculators.

There can, however, be no doubt that economic trends since June, 1936, the time of the proposal of the Seabury-Berle plan, have been strongly against the subway companies; that in consequence a plan substantially more favorable to the city could now be negotiated.

The minor inaccuracies in which Mr. Stone's article abounds are not persuasive of his competency to speak on this subject. For instance: the "attempt to break the [five-cent] rate as confiscatory ended in failure in the" New York Court of Appeals in 1931, not in the "United States Supreme Court in 1929," as stated by Mr. Stone. The 1913 contracts did not guarantee any payment by the city to the companies, as implied by Mr. Stone; if they had there would be no unification negotiations now. Those contracts provided that the companies should have a claim on subway revenues preferential to that of the city.

The greed of the companies in 1913 deprives them of any claim to sympathy, but it does not constitute a reason why the city should not make an advantageous contract.

As for the five-cent fare: I spent three years of my life defending the fare and believe in it stanchly. In my opinion any reorganization that will cut the present annual burden of the city's transit investment, as any plan of unification deserving of adoption will do, strengthens the five-cent fare.

New York City C. D. WILLIAMS

SIR: I have a high regard for Mr. Williams and I certainly do not grudge him a reply. May I make three points in rebuttal?

1. Mr. Williams does not meet the issue on my criticism of the Seabury-Berle price. The factors I referred to were the increased wages, pensions, maintenance and free-transfer costs under unification. These were brought to public attention by the Citizens' Budget Commission, the Lindsay Rogers report for the State Chamber of Commerce and The New York Post. It was only by ignoring them and by refusing to discuss them at the public hearing that Messrs. Seabury and Berle were able to contend that purchase at the price fixed in their plan would save the city $9,000,000 a year.

2. I think most lawyers would agree that the climax of the five-cent-fare case was not the Court of Appeals decision in 1931, but the United States Supreme Court decision of 1929, which had the effect of voiding the seven-cent decree handed down in the federal statutory court and foreclosing hope of breaking the five-cent-fare contract in the federal courts. That the state court would uphold the contract was expected.

3. Mr. Williams says I "implied" that the 1913 contracts guaranteed certain payments to the companies. I will gladly split the hair with Mr. Williams. The preferentials to the companies are guaranteed by the Dual Contracts, but the financial set-up provided by those contracts guarantees payment to the private companies in all but the most adverse circumstances, for their preferentials rank ahead of all but a fraction of the city's investment and are cumulative. Judge Julian W. Mack, in the IRT receivership, referred to them again and again as "the guaranteed preferentials."

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Eric Howard of Los Angeles, California, calls attention to the letter to President Roosevelt from the Indian Rights Association demanding the dismissal of Superintendent Fryer, whose administration of Navajo affairs, under John Collier, it attacks. . . . Upton Sinclair writes from Pasadena, California, to describe the plight of John R. Longo, whose unjust "railroading" by the Hague machine has been discussed in our editorial pages. Longo is in the Hudson County Penitentiary, Secaucus, New Jersey. Mr. Sinclair suggests that readers may wish to send Longo books, or "brighten this young man's time by writing him letters of encouragement."

Agnes Smedley, secretary of the Northeastern Partisan Relief Committee of Hankow, writes that the advancing Japanese army has forced the committee to vacate its offices. Communications should henceforth be addressed to Mrs. Hilda Selwyn-Clarke, China Defense League, 557 The Peak, Hongkong. . . . Philip F. Siff of New York City has a slogan to persuade the United States that it should get into the coming European war: "Make the World Safe for Democracy—Positively!" . . . And M. Savage of New York City suggests that the spelling of the British Prime Minister's name should be "Shameberlain." . . . The Art Young Committee, Room 2002, 104 Fifth Avenue, New York City, tells us that the fund which was established in 1933 by his admirers is dwindling. "During the last four years . . . Art Young has been preserved in health and usefulness . . . has gotten out two books of joyous value. He was getting together a new book, when a breakdown in his health occurred last spring. . . . This is no place to bring forth a synopsis of what Art Young means to the world of liberal and democratic thought, to the cause of the worker, the underdog and the disinherited. . . . The life and health of Art Young are certainly an obligation of ours while he is with us. Our praise and memories when he is gone will have more meaning for having done our duty to his living presence."

H. C. Dekker of Portland, Oregon, has nice things to say about George Seldes' article "Treason on The Times" (September 7). But he suggests, since all issues in morals and politics are matters of comparison and degree, that Mr. Seldes turn his spotlight on the question of how much freedom of the press is allowed on The New Masses and The Daily Worker.

What's on the Air?

Norman Thomas, head of the Socialist Party of the United States, speaks Sunday, October 2, 3:30 P.M., NBC-Red Network.

Neville Miller, president of the National Association of Broadcasters, Curtis Mitchell, editor of Radio Guide, Bob Trout, CBS commentator, and Mrs. Allen Friedlich, an "average" listener, discuss the effect of radio on public opinion on "The People's Platform," Sunday, October 2, 7 P.M., CBS.

Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg speaks from Sioux Falls, North Dakota, Monday, October 10, 9:30 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

Musical and dramatic programs of the week include "The Old Gray Mare Comes Back," by Merritt P. Allen, Saturday, October 1, 8:30 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; Bach Cantata Series conducted by Alfred Wallenstein, Sunday, October 2, 8 P.M., Mutual; "Another Dawn," with Madeleine Carroll, Franchot Tone and George Brent, Monday, October 3, 9 P.M., CBS; and the Promenade Symphony Orchestra of Toronto, Thursday, October 6, 9 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; "Symphonic Strings," conducted by Alfred Wallenstein, Saturday,

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Books in Review

Sixty-Sixty

UPTON SINCLAIR is sixty years old, and "Little Steel" [1] is his sixtieth book. Truly, a celebration should be in order, but the writing in "Little Steel" is hardly powerful enough or distinguished enough to justify an essay in homage. As everyone is aware, Sinclair's passion for justice is sustained and uniform, but his writing is wildly uneven, ranging from certain magnificent high spots in "The Jungle" and "Love's Pilgrimage" to banal trivia about mental telepathy, prohibition and health diets. "Little Steel," while not the worst of the sixty Sinclair books, is assuredly not of the best. It is a strange book, part straight-line realism and part gushy *jeu d'esprit*. The realism is good in the effective workaday fashion of "The Flivver King"; but the *jeu d'esprit* is a little hard to take. One can sympathize with Sinclair's intention (which is obviously to make certain ideas palatable to a middle-class audience by covering them with a diverting fable). The fact remains, however, that Sinclair's humor is archaic and embarrassing; in "Little Steel" the efforts to be light and agile constantly remind one of the YMCA secretary who is out to show the boys what a good fellow he is. Personally, I prefer my Sinclair straight, whether in the intense earnestness of "The Jungle" or the relaxed historical and social documentation of "The Flivver King."

"Little Steel" starts out as if it were going somewhere: with the decision of Walter Judd Quayle, president of the Valleyville Steel Company, to employ a firm of "industrial counsellors" to advise him on his labor relations. The counsellors, Matthew and Ernestine Joyce, are a couple of high-priced hypocrites who have mastered what Sinclair calls "the applied science of pleasing the rich." Inasmuch as Walter is soft, a third-generation misfit in the steel business, the Joyces have an easy time selling him the idea that he is a benevolent industrial "statesman," quite unlike Eureka Steel's tough Ben Preston, whom Sinclair has obviously patterned after Tom Mercer Girdler. As the perfect figurehead for the Joyces' "Valleyville Plan," Walter is deployed at Chamber of Commerce luncheons and "institute" gatherings to talk about capital-labor harmony. The Joyces have subtly filled him with all the platitudes about the "American way"—platitudes which he fondly believes to be his own. And when the inevitable strike comes it is easy to persuade Walter that he is defending Valleyville "democracy" against a Red plot. Because Walter is not a hypocrite he can head up the Valleyville Plan with an assurance that helps to hide a multitude of things which the Joyces and Ben Preston of Eureka Steel keep from coming to his attention. Walter is that most potent of menaces, the stuffed shirt who believes his own bunk.

Throughout the first part of "Little Steel," Upton Sinclair is making a courageous attempt to deal openly with an important contemporary theme. By his first wife Walter has had three selfish children who love him for his money; one of them is a New York patron of the arts; another, the smooth-faced Curt, lives idly with his wife in France, while the third, a hard-willed daughter, stays in the Mansion House on the hill above Valleyville to keep an eye on things for the sake of her own son and heir. A fourth child, Jenny, the daughter of a second marriage, is everything that Walter's early brood is not. While still at Vassar Jenny marries a young radical newspaperman; and when the strike comes in Valleyville they naturally oppose Walter and the older children. They even go so far as to become organizers for the CIO—stooges, in old Walter's eyes, of the hated "Reds."

In developing the tense situation in the Quayle household Sinclair is perfectly true to the facts of contemporary affairs. But he has hardly written his story out of any rich immersion. Only the industrial counsellors really come to life; and then only in their business relations with Walter and Ben Preston. But if the first part of "Little Steel" is only mildly good, the second part is flaccid. Walter is persuaded by Matt Joyce that he should sell out and retire; there is a secret deal on between the Joyces and Ben Preston to add Valleyville Steel to Eureka Steel. But the older Quayle children raise a rumpus and plot to have their father put away in an asylum as an "incompetent." There is nothing left for Walter but flight; and here the story goes off on a wild tangent, with the steel man taking to the open road in the fantastic house car of an eccentric inventor whom he had known in childhood. Eventually Walter Quayle goes to jail in Georgia for breaking a town ordinance that requires all house cars to have toilets. His daughter Jenny is in the same jail, having been arrested for agitating in behalf of the TWOC. Presumably a reconciliation follows, with old Walter going back home to Valleyville to sign with the union. But Sinclair, having made his moral plain, doesn't take us that far.

The trouble with all this, of course, is that Sinclair dodges his problem by taking Walter Quayle away from Valleyville: presidents of steel companies just don't resign their jobs to become wanderers over the face of America. If Upton Sinclair had not written "Little Steel" it would hardly have found a publisher. But if the book is a flop as fiction, it at least has the merit of raising an important question. The Valleyville Steel Company spent thousands of dollars to employ "industrial counsellors," to finance "surveys" of working conditions, to subsidize newspapers and to suborn politicians. It spent thousands more on private detectives and "personnel" managers. It spent thousands more to break a strike and to find legal means of evading the Wagner Act. Just how much the total bill came to, Upton Sinclair does not say. But if some company in the United States were suddenly to decide to get along without the expensive flummery of "industrial counselling" and "personnel management" and detective agencies, that company might discover that it could both raise wages and increase

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nium, but it would certainly make life more bearable in the steel towns and elsewhere while we are waiting for the Revolution that has often seemed just around the corner ever since 1848.

I am sorry to be so niggardly about saluting the sixtieth book of a square-shooter like Upton Sinclair. The man is so fine as a person that one hates to run him down as an author. But when Thomas Bell gets his forthcoming novel on the steel country done, the threadbare nature of "Little Steel" should be painfully apparent by comparison. The nice thing about Sinclair is that he will not resent a good book making his own look decrepit. For if anyone ever wished his fellow man well, Upton Sinclair is that person.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

"The Primal Curse"

The Writings of E. M. Forster, by Rose Macaulay. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 304 pages. $2.50.

E. M. FORSTER presents a paradox which reverses the familiar one of the hard-boiled writer: his work looks soft but inside is hard as nails. His themes are apparently such tender tritenesses as the need for tolerance, for sympathy, for freedom; he has not been above the literate whimsy the English love, of celestial omnibuses and nice girls turning dryad; his prose—at its best seriously gay in the Mozartian manner—sometimes sinks to archness. But beneath this surface lies the toughest fiber of modern letters, an absolutely ruthless moral realism. Miss Macaulay's study of Forster may be welcomed as a labor of love for an admirable writer and for laying out in a scholarly way the pattern of his career, but its coquettish style, all smiles or elaborate pretty frowns, manages to bring out Forster's apparent softness while it obscures his toughness.

The quality of Forster's realism is hard to convey, partly because it is a matter of tone and flashes of insight, but chiefly because it is something we are not used to in novels. Most novelists want to lead us out of ambiguity, want us to take sides and settle down with our side. But Forster refuses to simplify the moral life; he will not shake off what he calls "the Primal Curse, which is not . . . the knowledge of good and evil, but the knowledge of good-and-evil." He does not use the difficult ambiguity of Henry James which leaves us to discover for ourselves the badness of the seemingly good person. But he contrives that we should not "love" his characters in the intimate, hackneyed, novelistic way; we give them our interest and our good will but Forster keeps the scales too nicely balanced to permit us to "identify" ourselves with them: he prefers to direct our attention to the good principle itself. He is too aware that the best virtues may have their roots in what we call badness, that the highest nobility may be dangerous. It is the knowledge of the mature man and in literature strangely rare.

Forster has avowed himself a follower of Montaigne, and so he is—not the Montaigne of popular misconception, of passive skepticism, but the true Montaigne of creative skepticism and critical intellect, the man with the mind "undulating and diverse," who knows that no one aspect of a thing is its truth. The mind of Montaigne was developed in response to the conflict of [illegible]

the wane. But still more recently there has been, among radical intellectuals, a sort of wakening of a new interest in the whole tradition of liberal humanism: witness the sudden enthusiasm for Thomas Mann. As a political portent this is no doubt saddening, for it is in large part the result of a retreat to the uncritical acceptance of the old slogans of liberal democracy. But as a cultural event it may have real value; the crude negation of the humanistic virtues was not exactly fertilizing to the radical literature of the past decade to which we all have given so much attention. And if humanism is to be the cultural order of the day perhaps Forster will turn out to be an even better representative of it than Mann; his political awareness is considerable and of long standing; he does not "see himself" as Mann so often does and if his words are smaller than Mann's they are rather more precise; when, a few weeks ago, in The Nation he cheered for democracy he acted under the Primal Curse (another name for the critical intellect with its ability to modulate) and gave, as he pointed out, not three cheers but two.

LIONEL TRILLING

Toward Mysticism

The Degrees of Knowledge, by Jacques Maritain. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 493 pages. $6.

THOMISM has not yet had an adequate hearing outside the corridors of the Church. It is a philosophy we today neglect largely for the inadequate reason that it provides the intellectual justification for a Catholicism which is no longer universal. This, despite the fact that it alone holds firmly to the principle of accepting as its own every truth, no matter what the source. A fresh, condensed philosophic presentation of that system is worthy of the most careful consideration, irrespective of one's predilections.

"The Degrees of Knowledge," however, is not an exposition of Thomism—it is something more, and more important. Its author is a Catholic philosopher whose works receive the *imprimatur*. He is an original thinker who accepts Thomas Aquinas in somewhat the same way that St. Thomas accepted Aristotle and Augustine. Thus, he introduces important distinctions and modifications within the Thomistic synthesis in the effort to keep it abreast of contemporary discussion and he locates the whole system within a more comprehensive scheme in the effort to find a place for the results of mystical experience. Though Thomism is, for him, the perennial philosophy, he sees it as one which is capable of growth and improvement.

Maritain's primary concern is to know God through his works and to love Him without limit or self-regard. He sees Him as a necessary reality whose essence is beyond the power of man to grasp fully, the object of Christian faith, the source of Catholic revelation, the *locus* of ultimate truth, power and love. At an infinite distance below God there is, for Maritain, a domain of created beings—a hierarchy of angels, men, animals and things—actual, active and knowable in different ways and capable of being understood by infidel as well as saint.

For each basic kind of object there is a corresponding

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perception, experimental science, mathematics, the philosophy of nature, metaphysics and mysticism. These modes differ from one another according to the manner in which intelligible essences are related to a shifting matter. The perceived is immersed in matter, it is a being almost without any meaning of its own; the mystical, on the other hand, creates and dominates matter, it is a reality absolutely intelligible, God in his infinite majesty and blinding mystery, "a manna with little savor for those obsessed with the garlic of experience." Maritain's problem is to move from the first to the second in the light of the Aristotelian definitions of science, mathematics, cosmology and metaphysics, the use of analogical concepts and the acceptance of the writings of St. John of the Cross.

Maritain is acutely aware that the Aristotelian definitions today meet with bitter opposition. Aristotle's geometry was Euclidean, his arithmetic finite and his mathematics quantitative; he knew nothing of Planck's quantum or Einsteinian relativity. But Maritain finds this no cause for distress. He takes non-Euclidean geometry, transfinite arithmetic, topology, etc., to be significant and even important developments, insisting only that they are extensions of, abstractions from or partial formulations of, the older doctrines. The hills of modern thought, he remarks, are there for the climbing. One of his virtues is that he actually attempts the ascent. He is, however, somewhat overeager to accept as true what is merely widely held and does not see that some of the modern results necessitate a more revolutionary treatment of the Aristotelian scheme than he is prepared to make. Thus, on the one hand, Maritain accepts transfinite arithmetic and finds a place for it. Yet a number of very able mathematicians find the entire subject suspect. On the other hand, the very structure of scientific and mathematical inquiries is other than Aristotle took them to be, for they are freed from the bounds of the syllogism and are alive to the fact that there are significant novelties generated in the course of time.

Maritain's discussion of analogy is of most interest philosophically, since it is by the use of analogy that he moves from the fields of nature to the realms of metaphysics and theology. Following the lead of St. Thomas, he takes "being" to be an analogical concept which is predicable of everything that is, from God to stones, a concept which applies to them in different ways. But the method of analogy cannot attain its end unless God does in fact exist. Maritain is philosophically assured of the existence of God, largely because he assumes with Aristotle, Thomas and Hegel, the three great systematic thinkers of the world, that the more intelligible a being the more real it is; and that the most intelligible is the ultimate goal of all effort, more real than the individuals who strive to attain to it. Fortunately, in the writings of Bergson and Peirce, Dewey and Whitehead, we see how we can make an honorable escape from such assumptions and, incidentally, can be somewhat more conscious than Maritain of the patterns of finite life, its problems and its difficulties.

By means of concepts one can attain only to beings. But God is more than a being. To reach Him as He is in Himself, the God of charity and love, one must, says Maritain following St. John of the Cross, abandon all pretense to knowledge. Beyond metaphysics and theology lies a realm open only to faith and mystical ecstasy—acts which are the "beginning of the experience of our home in heaven," providing a foretaste of that beatific vision vouchsafed only to the blessed and wholly spiritual. The desire of man is to be reunited through love with God Himself, and only after a radical sacrifice of all that he transiently cherishes and only through the aid of God can he mystically attain what he truly desires. That such an experience might be open only to a select few is understandable; every discipline and special mode of knowledge requires training and preparation. Yet it should be had, at least in a truncated and partial form, by every one every day, for otherwise there would not only be a radical inexplicable gap in a supposedly coherent system, but there would be no way of testing its validity and no reason why the non-mystic should not dismiss the theory as mistaken and erroneous.

It is regrettable that Maritain did not examine such forms of knowledge as perception in the light of what he took to be the highest. We would then be on our way toward a reconciliation of rational and mystical knowledge. That they are not incompatible, Maritain makes abundantly clear, but that they both exist in the form which he defends and that they are equally valid he merely takes for granted. One leaves Maritain meditating but not convinced. That this might be the truth he makes manifest; that it is the truth he does not prove.

There are many errors in the text and the list of errata contains errata. Quotations in English have been translated back from the French with awkward results; there is no index, though it is badly needed, and the valuable appen-

JUST OUT

HERE IS NEWS!

The New Book by the author of SWEDEN: The Middle Way

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Dynast

The Enigmatic Tsar: The Life of Alexander I of Russia, by Maurice Paléologue. Translated by Edwin and Willa Muir. New York: Harper and Brothers. 328 pages, illustrated. $3.50.

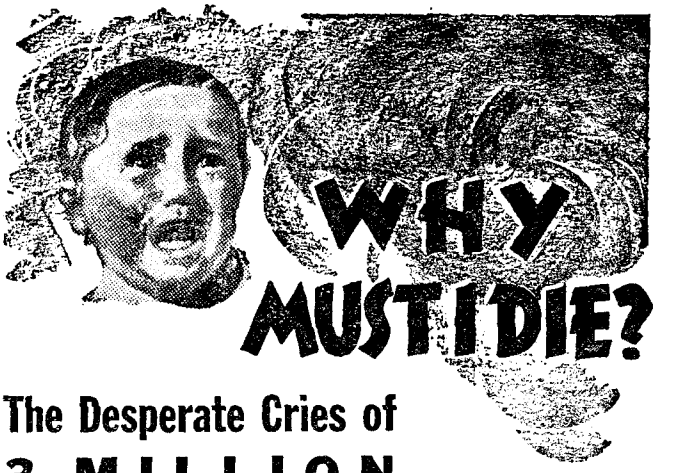
MAURICE PALÉOLOGUE, Member of the Academy and former Ambassador of France to St. Petersburg, has enjoyed enviable opportunities for studying the diplomatic background of Franco-Russian relations under the old regime. Of those relations at their most spectacular, in days when the events of history, even more than now, seemed "a wild and dreamlike tale of blood and guile," M. Paléologue makes the present lively survey, which has suffered not at all at the hands of its translators.

As if looking through the big end of a telescope, we may here view the gigantic *duello* that was once waged between the emperors of the East and West. On the one hand Alexander Pavlovitch, Autocrat of All the Russias, a party to his mad father's murder, a romantic lover on the Byronic scale, whose own innate perversities are said to have driven his young wife first to the verge of Lesbianism and then into the arms of his best friend, Prince Adam Czartoryski, a Polish patriot. And on the other hand Napoleon I, anxious to found a dynasty, exponent of the clear Latin intelligence, true inheritor of the French Revolution.

But to come down to earth: after Waterloo, whatever it was that made Alexander tick began to run down. The nations of Western Europe, he then found, did not need the weight of Russian troops to maintain "a just equilibrium" in the post-war balance of power contrived by Metternich, Talleyrand and Castlereagh. Moreover, they had laughed aside Alexander's scheme for the Holy Alliance, under the terms of which his talent for playing the liberal autocrat (Napoleon had called him, among other things, "the Talma of the North") might have found further outlets on the world stage. And so, having reconstituted the Kingdom of Poland under his own dominion, the Tsar thereafter left his empire to be administered under the knout while he alternated between seizures of mystical preoccupation and fits of restlessness. Says M. Paléologue:

> He found everywhere he went the ennui which obsessed him, for he carried it in himself and also shared it with a great number of his contemporaries.
>
> Ever since the star of Napoleon had plunged into the ocean and Europe was no longer deafened by "the tumult of battles," ever since that prodigious phantasmagoria had ended, the world had seemed extinct, colorless. The cold Metternich himself could not help regretting the inquietudes, the agonies, the fevers, the apprehensions, the superb nervous shocks which "that infernal man" had constantly brought him, and he had fallen into a fit of romantic melancholy. So that what drove Alexander from place to place without cessation, in spite of the cold, the tortures of rain and snow, the bad roads and infamous inns, was a nostalgia for the incomparable emotions which he had so deeply enjoyed at one time, and of which he was now deprived.

In a word, all Europe was more or less shell-shocked, and Alexander along with it. In the circumstances, to account thus for the enigma of Alexander's [illegible]



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Impossible of explanation, however, is the mystery surrounding the Tsar's death in 1825, only ten years later. Supposedly he died "of a biliary infection, complicated by a rush of blood to the head," at Taganrog, a malarial winter resort beside the Sea of Azov. But when his coffin was deposited in the Fortress of Sts. Peter and Paul, it was empty; his heir, Nicholas I, is thought to have recognized that the body was not his brother's, and to have ordered its removal. Whereupon rumors grew up—manifestations, probably, of what used to be called "the Russian soul"—that Alexander had been seen as late as 1864, wandering the Steppes in the guise of a hermit. Or had a yacht belonging to a certain *milord* put in at that obscure Azov port and carried the disillusioned autocrat away to Palestine, there to spend his last days in a monastery in penance for having sanctioned the crime of parricide as an approach to a career of liberal reform?

M. Paléologue seems to incline to the latter view. However, failing evidence, one may give the last word here (as so often in dealing with events of that period) to Talleyrand. Years before, says the author, when news came to France that the mad Tsar Paul had died of "a cerebral haemorrhage," leaving Alexander to rule in his stead, "Talleyrand hit the mark as usual . . . when he summed up the sinister situation in a phrase: 'The Russians will have to invent another disease to explain the mortality among their emperors.' "

GEORGE LIBAIRE

Proletarian Childhood

Under the Open Sky: My Early Years, by Martin Andersen Nexö. New York: The Vanguard Press. 330 pages. $3.

THIS IS THE STORY of a proletarian child, in a family of eleven, whose difficulties began with conception, who was not "wanted" by the world, not even by his parents. It is the story of a child who could not know what, "humanly speaking," it meant to have a father. The family's first years in Copenhagen were hard and cruel, except for the all-enveloping warmth of the mother. Lacking a social graph, the child traced all the material iniquities to the father, the immediately felt authority. The father appears as guilt. When the boy becomes aware of the lovable elements in his parent, he is intoxicated with a dreamy joy. It marks his awakening to a consciousness of the outside "enemy." Still, the account never becomes bitter. Nexö's imaginative realism that renders suffering tolerable is at its best in the last part which tells of Nexö's work, "under the open sky," as a herd-boy on the Danish island of Bornholm. Here, the story takes on a springlike warmth and easy continuity.

Yet, this book is more than outer history. It is the account of *pre*-political years by a great proletarian writer, almost seventy, more aware of *post*-political categories. In the opening pages, Nexö writes of his "struggle with chaos," of doubts and fears, of hearing the constant "tick of a death-watch." Nexö is exposing his private self as well, is "confessing" the lingering agony, rooted in the semi-conscious past.

The historical pattern also seems relevant. Despite the

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shows the effects of having been created within a discordant sociality. The author himself could hardly escape the consequences of building on an alien and uprooted foundation, even as it precipitated his militant discontent, and his efforts to bridge the social chasm. The result was loneliness of the mind, a loneliness that stayed, as an obscure threat, behind everything that happened to him. This element of estrangement is perhaps the clue to Nexö's almost mystic attraction to the sea, "roaring far into my slumbers and rolling in my dreams." The sea becomes the leading metaphor of the book. (Incidentally, not until he comes to speak of the sea, does Nexö "name" himself.)

Still, this is the autobiography of a socialist, who recognizes not alone the representative and necessary character of his life, but also the humane sociality made possible by his dearly bought experiences. They taught him a sense of responsibility which Nexö regards as the essence of the cultural. "It is the religious kernel of man." Recognition of man's aloneness goes hand in hand with the effort to remove contingent evils so that suffering might be rendered *humanly* acceptable. HARRY SLOCHOWER

New Books: A Reader's List

THOMAS PAINE: LIBERATOR, by Frank Smith (Stokes, $3). The skeleton in America's closet (at grammar school we never heard of Paine) here finds a stout champion. Forcefully written, a prodigious amount of revolutionary history, English and French as well as American, is shoehorned into this life of a great public man—who had only one face, one set of beliefs, and is still paying for it. Has to be read.

THE WOMAN WHO COULD NOT DIE, by Julia de Beausobre (Viking, $2.50). The strange and very personal story of a Russian woman imprisoned for two years by Soviet authorities on a charge of treason. She never admits even to the reader whether the charges were true or not, but the narrative is fascinating for its picture of prison life and for the intense Old Russian mystical insights of the author.

THIS IS MY COUNTRY, by Stoyan Christowe (Carrick and Evans, $2.75). A young Bulgarian from Macedonia comes to America at thirteen, educates himself by books and many kinds of rough labor, and finally becomes a successful journalist. He returns to Bulgaria, interviews the King and the most important intellectuals, and becomes terrified lest his hard-won Americanism melt away in his native land. Written simply and with real love for the author's adopted country.

FORBIDDEN PATH, by William J. Walters (Dodd, Mead, $2). Technically a novel. Young alcoholic takes cure in private booby hatch. His story rings true, although the realization of his personality is not very good. The flashbacks (italicized, inserted between chapters) are excellently done.

MARCHING ORDERS, by I. V. Morris (Macmillan, $2.50). A Greek tailor in Paris, having realized his commercial ambitions, awakes one morning to a sense of empty boredom that compels him to the pursuit of death. The mood and theme are conveyed to the reader by a style insinuatingly simple, and sustained to the end; the sense of inevitable destiny is pervasive; but the novel could have been shorter and she

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STUDS LONIGAN, by James T. Farrell (Modern Library, $1.25). The three books of "Young Lonigan," "The Young Manhood of Studs Lonigan" and "Judgment Day" in a solid Modern Library Giant. Introductions by John Chamberlain and the author.

ENGLISH RUE, by Martin Hare (Macmillan, $2.50). Concerning an English couple who fall in love early and marry too late, partly because the woman has a moral code like that of a George Eliot heroine. Still, their problems are sharp and credible, their story marches impressively from the 1890's up to the present, though at times going into slow motion to take on surplus wordage.

Contributors

ERNEST O. HAUSER, a member of the research staff of the Institute of Pacific Relations and the author of "The Rest of the World," has just returned from a visit to the Far East.

ELIZABETH YEAMAN is a staff writer on The Hollywood Citizen-News.

LIONEL TRILLING is a member of the English Department of Columbia University. He has recently completed his study of Matthew Arnold which W. W. Norton will publish this winter.

PAUL WEISS, associate professor of Philosophy at Bryn Mawr College, is a Guggenheim Fellow for 1938-1939. His "Reality," a systematic work in philosophy, is to be published October 19 by the Princeton University Press.

GEORGE LIBAIRE is a free-lance writer and the translator of the Memoirs of General de Caulaincourt.

HARRY SLOCHOWER is the author, among other books, of "Three Ways of Modern Man" and of "Thomas Mann's Joseph Story." He teaches at Brooklyn College.

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